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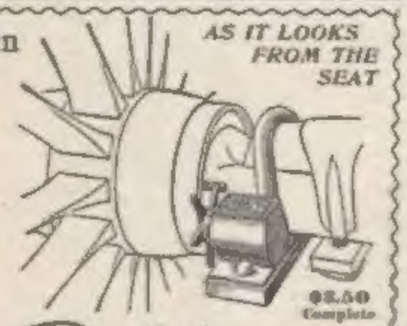

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The Coming War Between Russia and Japan—By Albert J. Beveridge

United States Senator from Indiana

THE coming war between Japan and Russia will be a conflict not only of opposing interests but of singularly acute race antipathies. Tolerant as the Russians are of other races, their hatred of the Japanese is pronounced and apparently instinctive. Also, there is in it an element of contempt. At a Moscow dinner-table the progress of the Japanese was remarked and the word civilization applied to them. "Civilization!" quickly spoke up a banker, with an eager spirit not in keeping with his calm calling; "Civilization! You don't mean that. You mean imitation. Everything is on the surface. Everything is temporary—false. They are a nation of monkeys."

And this harsh expression was singularly repeated by Cierpitsky's common soldiers in the middle of Manchuria. An officer was indulging in an informal talk to several hundreds of his soldiers (this is a characteristic of the Russian army). Here is the conversation about as it occurred. An officer leaning out of a window said to the assembled soldiers:

"Well, boys! are you glad this campaign is over?"

The soldiers answered in their customary chorus: "Yes, our Colonel, but we are willing to fight again."

Colonel: "If the Japanese come, will you let them whip you or will you whip them?"

Soldiers, in chorus: "What! Those monkeys whip us? Never, our Colonel!"

This same sentiment was found even among the Siberian miners. "I cannot tolerate the Japanese," said a Siberian mine owner who has traveled very extensively. "They are such make-believe people, and there are other things about them. Consider the Japanese colony here in Blagovestchensk. You will find the same thing in Khabaroff, Vladivostok—everywhere."

These papers might be entirely taken up with abstracts of similar expressions from business men, bankers, soldiers, officers.

It is even denied that the Japanese are content with their evolution into European civilization. "They are not capable of it and actually despise it," said a Russian diplomat in a prominent Asiatic station. "They are already beginning to abandon the externalization of our European civilization as a child throws away a new toy. For example: In Tokio, a very prominent public man and his wife adopted European modes of dress when that craze took them off their feet some years ago. Their daughters were reared in English clothes. Well, last year those daughters threw away their Paris-made gowns and resumed the native Japanese kimono. And instances like that could be given by the hundred."

On the contrary, the deep dislike of the Japanese for the Russian is even more passionate. "The hairy brutes—they have no more delicacy than our Ainos" (a hairy primeval savage people living in the fastnesses of Japan)—this was the expression of a Japanese of good birth, good education and good condition. "They are the despoilers of the world," said another. "When has Russia kept faith? When has she ceased to slay, debauch and spoil?"

Preparing for War While Hoping for Peace

These expressions are given without a corresponding expression of the writer's views, merely to reflect the real mutual opinions of these opposing peoples. The war itself is taken for granted. One of the most conservative of Japanese statesmen said: "I admit that it looks like an appeal to arms; but I hope and believe that it will be settled peaceably. The immensely increased intercommunication of nations, the telegraph, the interwoven commercial interests, all conspire to aid us to a peaceful settlement."

Like the conservative men of all nations, the thoughtful statesmen of Japan are hoping and working for peace, but preparing for war. "I admit that Russia is strengthening herself in Manchuria as fast as she can," said one of the weightiest minds of the Island Empire, "and that she is doing it with ultimate intentions on Corea there cannot be the slightest doubt. We hope that the public opinion of the world will never permit of further Russian aggression; but we are preparing as fast as she is. In such a war she will be helpless because we command the sea, and she will never again be able to make the triple alliance which robbed us of our victory over China."

The expression of Russian public men, on the other hand, is even more pacific. You will never be able to get a Russian civil official to admit the possibility of war. "But," said a Russian diplomat traveling toward his station in the Far East, "if war is forced on us, we are ready this moment." And he meant it; but, from what was personally known, this is believed to be an overstatement. They are not ready "this moment," and neither is Japan.

"Those brown fellows must strike first," said the head of a Russian civil commission. "We don't have to strike first; all we have got to do is wait and strengthen ourselves."

Russia's Claim on America's Friendship

"No, there will be no war between Russia and Japan," declared a high official of the Manchurian Railway, "because it is perfectly hopeless for Japan, and her statesmen have sense enough to see that. Why! suppose they actually occupied Corea and defeated us at first: we would swarm back upon them whenever we got ready and sweep them into the sea."

But behind the individual expression of official opinion on both sides are the common, emphatic, clearly defined views of the masses—an open and racial antipathy and feeling of certain conflict.

And there is one chord which is struck by both sides and struck again, and still again played by each side, and that chord is the favor of America. Each side insists that the interests of America are identical with that side. "Under existing conditions, it seems to me that the friendship of America should be ours—certainly our interests are the same," so spoke a Japanese statesman. "If we ever do have a conflict with Japan," said a much-traveled and highly cultured Russian, "one thing is clear to all the world, and that is that the sympathy of America will be with Russia."

"We shall depend upon you in our conflict for our existence and for the integrity of the East," earnestly exclaimed a Japanese public man, educated in the universities of Europe. "The door through which the world enters Asia was first unlocked by an American. We are neighbors, and nature has made us partners to resist the aggression of the Slav in the Orient. We are more like you than we are like any other people, and your Mr. Curtis in his fine book has even called us 'The Yankees of the East.' And, aside from sentiment, the sheer question of commerce is enough to keep you with us."

Now listen to the counterpart of this from a Russian source: "There is only one nation upon whose abiding friendship Russia counts," said an eminent Russian statesman, "and that nation is America. Our friendship is traditional and has never been broken. You had our sympathy in your War for Independence; our fleet stood at your gates a menace to all the world during your Rebellion; and we were the only people of the world who did not sympathize with the South in that mighty effort to split open your Republic. We sold you the imperial province of Alaska for a song. Our industries are not developed, and while they are developing it is from you that we shall buy more and more. And we are the only two peoples in the world who are alike. Both young; both expanding; both developing. In all the fundamental elements of comparison we are the only two races in the world that are elementally similar. As for our institutions—at bottom there is more resemblance than dissimilarity; and at top the very antithesis suggests unity. We are different sides of the same shield. Autocracy on one side; democracy on the other—each developed by the two admittedly coming peoples of the world.

"Have you not a saying in your country, 'We will never pull down the flag?' Well, let me remind you that our Emperor Nicholas said, when it was proposed to retreat from the mouth of the Amur:

"'*Where the Russian flag is planted once, there it shall remain forever.*'"

And the Emperor Nicholas said just that. And just that is the common thought and determination of those many tens of millions of units of human inertia called the Slav race.

The boat had stopped for the night in its tiresome progress down the Amur, and the peasants and soldiers swarmed ashore. For some reason the captain decided to change the location of the boat for the night, and ordered the gangplank hauled in. All hands began to haul it in; a Russian common soldier had taken the first step upon it. "Back! back!" shouted the boat officer (not in the military service). "Back! back!" shouted the hands, continuing to haul in the plank.

"*Never! The Russian soldier never goes backward!*" shouted the white-bloused private, rushing forward on the moving plank and escaping by a hair the practical certainty of falling into the river.

And the people on the boat and the peasants on shore applauded his somewhat melodramatic utterance.

Melodramatic it was, but significant also it was; significant of the giant race of which he was one. "Where the Russian flag is planted, there it remains forever," speaks the Czar from his Winter Palace. "The Russian soldier never goes backward" shouts the obscure private on the Amur. And between them, to the same militant purport, speaks and feels and believes the Russian people.

Drenched and Frozen, but Devoted

This Russian soldier and his comrades on the vagrant Amur boat were good examples. Many days were spent in studying them. Observations of their brothers in Nikolsk and Khabaroff and throughout Manchuria revealed interesting facts, and nothing can be more important in forecasting the coming Russo-Japanese war than an estimate of the men who must do the fighting.

The good humor of the Russian soldier is undoubtedly his chiefest and most visible characteristic. Song and laugh and joke; joke and laugh and song. There is a playfulness as of overgrown boys. Nothing seems to discourage or impair this wonderful cheeriness.

I have seen them, drenched to the skin, chilled to the bone, lips blue with cold, laugh and talk in the greatest good

humor, their teeth chattering while they spoke. You never hear a complaint from them.

"I should say that the difference between our soldiers and yours," the Manchurian Colonel above quoted added, "or Germany's or England's or any others, is that when they go through hardships, they think it merely their duty; when they fight, they think it nothing more than their duty, and when they die, they consider it quite the proper thing because it is their duty. Every other country pays its soldiers a very fair sum for their service. We pay our soldiers practically nothing—two or three dollars a year; but they are taught to believe and do believe that it is their duty—a part of their lives which they owe to Russia, to the Czar, and to the King of Kings in Heaven. We think it a mistake to pay soldiers. It puts the military service of the country on a mercenary basis. The theory should be that every man should be prepared to give not only three or four years of service to his country, but his life, if need be, to his country; the idea of pay debases the spirit of this service."

Associated with their conception of service as a duty, and not as something that the Government compels them to do or as something for which they are paid, is the element of obedience in a Russian soldier. He obeys not because he must but because it is his nature. There is an almost worshipful regard for officers—an unreasoning belief in them which is childlike. This obedience of the Russian soldier is not the obedience of discipline, as in the case of the German Army, or of that of our own military establishment, or that of any other nation. It has its springs far down in the very nature of the Slav race and in the peculiar relationship between officer and men. Indeed, the whole Russian system is based upon the idea of father and son. It is the Czar and his children in the empire; the governor and his children in the province; the marshal and his children in the district; the patriarch and his children in the family. And in the military establishment, again the soldiers of the Czar are the children of the Czar; the soldiers of any army are the children of the general; the colonel is father of his regiment, the captain of his company. Thus, a paternal and filial relationship exists which you may see nowhere else on earth. A German officer would consider military discipline seriously violated if he did what, to the Russian officer, is a natural method of insuring discipline. An American soldier submits to discipline because, on the whole, he thinks it a good thing, and also because he must; a German soldier, almost wholly because he must; but the Russian soldier because his father commands and it is his filial duty.

A Weird Night-Song to the Volga

One night in Trans-Baikal Siberia the strange, weird notes of a Russian peasant's song came through the darkness. (Nothing can describe the Russian peasant and soldier songs—their wildness, their mingled sadness and joy. Toward the end of each verse, breaking in upon the deeper chorus, a high shrill voice takes up the strain and dominates it to the thrilling end. It is profoundly weird and sad.) A Russian officer, a Count of one of the half-dozen great houses of Russia exclaimed:

"It is the Cossacks singing to their Mother Volga."

The Count gladly consented to go over to their company and ask them to sing their war songs and translate them as they sang. They sat in a circle in the darkness, poor, mean, with little to eat or wear, as humble a cluster of privates as you can find among Russia's militant millions. But the great officer, the heir of one of the noblest names in Russia, approached them with the deference and courteous bearing of equality that he would have used in a St. Petersburg ballroom. He greeted them pleasantly. This was an American gentleman. Did they feel like singing more? And if so, would they kindly sing some of their Cossack war songs? And they on their part, as the child might to the father, responded. And as they sang their songs about the Volga being their mother, and the Steppes their father, and their musket their brother, and their knapsack their wife, the camp-fire, lighting up their faces, showed this son of a hundred nobles and high officer in the Russian Army gazing upon them with a kindly, courteous and flattering attention that you might expect from a father looking upon children who were pleasing him. And when the song had closed he did not abruptly leave, but remained a while in familiar conversation, and then, bidding them good-night, blessed them and left.

Upon this being noted, he replied: "Oh, yes! that is our system; that is our civilization. It is the element of affection of child for father which runs through our whole social and military organization. It is a source of strength, too, which no other nation has. All the rest of you, in your devotion to what the world calls manhood equality, have destroyed those fundamental relationships which Nature has established. With you, the son is as good as the father, the soldier as the officer, and even God is hardly recognized as a superior" (you will often hear flings like that at our democratic ideas).

Many warships of the Russian fleet were lying in the harbor of Vladivostok. While there, the admiral came on board (I had met him two years before on his ship in Nagasaki harbor). The captain, commander, executive officer, the whole official establishment of the ship down to lieutenants, came into the admiral's room quite freely; all drank with him; all smoked with him; all talked with him together, and when he left he shook hands with impartiality all around. And that is something you can see nowhere else upon earth except upon a Russian battleship. It is something which, however admirable it might be in the army, every navy man will tell you is impossible in the navy. It is cited here as another illustration of the relationship between Russian officer and man which is an element of such immense importance to them in their semi-military, semi-industrial operations.

Soldiers of Granite and Steel

By far the finest specimens of physical manhood seen at any place in any country are on the average the Russian Cossacks and the Russian common soldiers along the Amur and in Manchuria (and elsewhere, no doubt). They are big men; necks thick, shoulders powerful, chests deep, legs sturdy, great room for play of lung, great stomach capacity, heavy-skulled, ruddy countenanced. Their physical vigor instantly attracts your attention. And there is an impression of hardness about them—iron men, steel men, granite men. And when day after day you note that their food is nothing at all but sour cabbage soup, sour black bread, dried fish and weak tea, you have discovered two elements upon which, you will find, if you will converse with educated Russians, the Russian military theorist chiefly counts in any conflict which hereafter may occur with any nation. Physical hardiness and endurance on the one hand, and little and simple food, easily transported, on the other hand—it reminds you of the stories you read of the Scotch soldiers in the time of Bruce carrying many days' provisions of oatmeal in a little pouch; or of the Swiss soldiers, or, indeed, of the soldiers of every country who first won for their respective lands the glory of military triumph.

"It is one of our chief points of excellence. The same thing is true of our horses. Now, Germany feeds her soldiers too much. Also, Germany's horses are too richly fed. In war, therefore, if the German Army should be cut off from supplies, or should its commissariat for any reason fail, the forces would be at a great disadvantage compared with ours. Our horses can live where other horses would languish and die; and, as you see, our soldiers thrive on the simplest and plainest fare. The Russian soldier can 'live on the country' in any part of the world, and that is something no other soldier in the world can do, not even the Japanese." So reasoned a Russian general.

Every Russian officer puts preponderating emphasis upon the Russian soldier's ability to endure. General Cierpitsky personally told of an assault, which he himself led, during the Boxer troubles near Peking at the close of a march of fifty versts (thirty-three miles). His troops made the assault without five minutes' rest. From another source it was learned that a body of French troops were to make the charge with the Russians. The Frenchmen had joined Cierpitsky's men only fifteen versts from the point of attack. Yet, although the Russians had marched fifty versts and the Frenchmen only fifteen, the latter refused to join in the assault until they had thoroughly rested. It is said on testimony of credible witnesses that the Russian commander, raging, called the French commander a coward and scoundrel, struck him in the face with his whip, turned on his heel, and ordered the assault by the Russian column, who executed it alone.

On another occasion a body of Russian infantry and English cavalry came to a stream in which ice was beginning to form. The English cavalry turned back rather than subject their horses to the cold, but the Russians with shouts of scorn and derision plunged bodily into the waters themselves and waded and swam across. This story appeared too dramatic to be true, but inquiry in two different and independent quarters demonstrated that there was some foundation for it. I have myself seen Russians go for two days without food, and also without complaining.

The Slav's Gift for Ruling Asiatics

The Russian soldier's ability to make friends with the people with whom he mingles and even with those whom he conquers is one of his most striking characteristics, and common to all Russians. The Russian soldiers in Tien-tsin, on the way to Peking, and in the Tartar capital itself, were able to fraternize with the Chinaman almost as much as they did with the Germans and Americans, or even the French. A credible writer tells of having seen a Russian soldier, recently arrived in Manchuria, attempting to address a crowd of Chinamen in their own tongue and making himself understood. Certain it is that the Russian soldiers and the Coreans, who came over the border of Russian territory in ever-increasing numbers in the summer of 1901, spoke to each other without much difficulty. The Muscovite's facility for language, and especially his aptitude for Oriental tongues, is a matchless amalgam with which Russian policy knits and fuses alien peoples into the superior Slav metal.

So we see that the chief instrument of war with Japan, to wit, the common soldier, is an elementally vital creature—with knotted muscles and strong legs and hairy breast, and doglike obedience, and childlike faith in his military fathers (his officers), a religious feeling so profound that it has no questioning, an adoration of God and faith in His Word woven into the texture and substance of his very being. I have never observed the Turkish soldier personally, but I should say that the religious faith of the Russian soldier is of the same quality at that of the Turk, with Christ substituted for Mohammed and the Bible for the Koran.

Russia's Preparation for Emergencies

How many of these living bayonets, then, has Russia on the ground? At the outbreak of the Chinese-Japanese War she had scarcely any. At the beginning of the Boxer troubles she was still deficient. Mr. Henry Norman and Mr. Leroy Ballau estimate that in 1899 she had 60,000 in Manchuria. I am able to state on the word of the most competent military authority in the Far East that Russia has to-day, within a fortnight's march of Corea, not a man less than 150,000. Personal observation confirms this estimate. In Nikolsk alone it is believed that there are no less than 15,000 troops. Vladivostok, Khabaroff, Port Arthur swarm with them. Trans-Baikal Siberia is full of them, their number growing visibly greater as the Pacific is approached. Manchuria is garrisoned with them. And every boat that comes down the Amur brings from three to fifteen common soldiers; our boat had twelve. They traveled quite unostentatiously, mingling and sleeping with the peasants, who covered the lower floor of the boat as closely as your interlaced fingers. Other travelers, when questioned, recalled the same phenomenon. It is not said that there is any design in the inconspicuous transporting of this steady column of Russian soldiery toward the Corean frontier. The fact is noted. It may be that the same thing was occurring in the opposite direction, but no one was discovered who had seen it. If it be true that Russia is thus adding to her military strength, it is possible for her to have two hundred thousand troops within striking distance of Japan by the summer of 1902. "Of course," remarked a Russian officer, "we can just keep on bringing troops there or any place else. It costs us but very little and our soldiers are absolutely inexhaustible."

You can know how true this is when you recall this marvelous fact. *Nearly nine hundred thousand young men reach military age every year in Russia, and the Government is able to avail itself of scarcely more than two hundred thousand of these for active service.* Other nations may have storehouses of coal and fleets and heavy armaments, but there is no nation of ancient or modern times that has such a magazine of human vitality to draw upon as has the Russia of to-day.

The universal feeling in the Far East is that Japan should have struck Russia two years ago. "Last spring was her final day," said an earnest friend of Japan in Shanghai. "Had she struck then she might have had some chance. I fear that now it is too late." The Japanese themselves admit that it would have been much better to remain on the ground which they had won in Manchuria, thus compelling Russia to attempt their ejection by force; but, although Japan had right and possession and the opinion of the world on her side, she could not do this because she was overawed and outmatched by the allied fleets and because she was financially exhausted. For the latter reason she has not been able to strike since then. It is the writer's belief that she will bring the inevitable to an issue within the next five years. What, then, of her preparedness, and especially what of her soldiers?

First of all, they are little men. In weight and strength and all the elements of physical

Editor's Note—This is the third of Senator Beveridge's papers on diplomatic and political matters in the Far East.

preponderance, the Russian is the equal of two Japanese. "But," said a Japanese officer, laughingly admitting this, "the little man can shoot as straight as the big man, and the big man affords a better target."

The courage of the Japanese is admitted very willingly by the Russians themselves. "Yes, indeed, they will fight. There is no doubt about that," said a young Russian officer returning from the Mukden campaign (a man, by the way, who will be a general before he is forty; a man who, at twenty-nine, had won the Grand Cross, and who was informed in the minutest details of the strategy of every one of Napoleon's battles, of Frederick the Great's battles, and of all the battles fought by General Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Grant and Sherman in the Civil War, and who pronounced Sheridan the ablest strategist of them all).

"I gladly admit the courage of the Japanese," said a Russian general, discussing the comparative merits of the world's soldiers as exhibited at Peking during the terrible months of 1900. Everywhere, on all hands and by all nations, you will hear the praise of the Japanese gallantry sounded high and loud, even by their worst enemies. And a bookful of stories can be picked up illustrative of their daring and even of their chivalry. Mr. James Creelman, in his vivid volume, On the Great Highway, does not overdraw the picture of Japanese fearlessness and soldierly qualities.

Far and away the best-disciplined troops I have ever seen in actual service are those of the Japanese Army. Far and away the best-dressed, best-groomed, best-appearing soldiers in Peking and Tien-tsin and on the route between were the Japanese soldiers (and the "crack" soldiers of all the world were there). It is a pleasure to observe the policing of their quarters. And you may search for days to hear a story of Japanese brawling, and you will not be rewarded; while fights with fists and even knives between all other soldiers were daily occurrences. (An American soldier does not sleep well at night unless he has thrashed at least three Frenchmen and two Germans with his fists; and it is said to be an actual fact that certain soldiers in Peking and Tien-tsin last summer traveled in squads in order to be prepared, if they should meet one of those "crazy Americans.")

Inspection of barracks after barracks in Japan itself, when they were not expecting visitors, showed the policing of the quarters to be absolutely perfect. If the Russians at Nikolsk were drilling, drilling, drilling, the Japanese in Japan are doing all of that, and then again, in addition to it, still drilling, drilling, drilling. Their tactics are almost wholly German, even to the absurd and exhausting "goose step" on parade. Indeed, the Japanese Army is a perfect machine, built on the German model, but perfected at minute points and in exquisite detail with the peculiar ability of the Japanese for diminutive accuracy and completeness. The Japanese Army, regiment, company is "built like a watch," and each Japanese soldier is a part of this machine, like a screw or a spring or a disk, with this exception: every soldier is capable of being transformed into another part of this complex yet simple mechanism.

They are hardy fellows, too; not of a high intelligence as revealed in physiognomy or cranial development, but with suggestions of the bull-terrier. Of one company, for example, over two-thirds had the heavy jaw, broad at the jowls and protruding, that you associate with the pugilist or the bulldog. You can well believe the tales of their ferocious courage. But it is not thought that they have the endurance of their blond Russian antagonists. For one thing, they are fed more than the Russian soldiers are fed. Inspection of their rations for each meal was a source of real amazement, for it appeared that they eat quite as much as the American soldier, if not, perhaps, of so heavy and nutritious food. But their food is better, of greater quantity, and of finer quality than the food of the Russian soldier. And by the same token they are not so efficient in the stress of bitter campaigns. Unlike the Russians, they have no religious services in quarters and, in reality, no definite religious faith.

The Japanese soldier goes into battle burning with the thought of dying in the service of the good Mikado, dying for the glory of the flag of the Crimson Sun. The Russian soldier goes into battle with the little metal cross next to his very heart. (Every orthodox Russian, noble and peasant, sleeping and waking, wears around his neck and on his breast next to the flesh the little metal cross.) He goes into battle believing not only that he is obeying his commander, not only that he is serving the Czar, but that he is fighting in the cause of Heaven itself, and that when he falls he will go to the sure rewards of a loving Father in whose service he laid down his earthly life.

Space cannot be given for detailed description of Japanese discipline. Perhaps their method of desultory firing mingled with fixing bayonets, preparatory to a charge, is the best single example to illuminate the whole subject which can be selected.

Suppose, then, that a Japanese regiment is to charge an enemy. They will kneel on one knee, and a general and continuous fire all along the line will be kept up, each man firing a fast as he can carefully aim and quite at will; between shots one man and then another, but not all at once, quickly draw their knifelike bayonets and fix them to the guns and continue firing. When all the bayonets are fixed the officers spring to position (the captains in front) so quickly that you hardly observe it; the order to charge is shouted and the whole line springs forward, first on slow run, but quickening as they near the enemy, and bursting into a wild, high yell as they close with their foe. It is reasoned that by this method no time is wasted, the enemy do not know that a charge is to be made, firing is continuous to the very moment of the onset, and principally and far above all, that by this continuous firing mingled with the fixing of bayonets the soldier is gradually worked up to a point of terrible eagerness and that at the psychic moment the human engine of death is released upon its antagonist.

The impartial observer will conclude that, though the Russian soldier has points of superiority over the Japanese, nevertheless the Japanese soldier, man for man, is more nearly a match for his Russian antagonist than any fighting man of any other nation.

The Line-Up of the Opposing Navies

"We can mobilize our entire army of 250,000 men in thirty-six hours," declared one of the very highest military authorities of Japan. And there is no doubt of the truth of the statement. The Japanese believe that they can land an army corps in Corea in less than three days. I do not think so. It is thought by the most conservative in Japan that a force of 200,000 men can be transported to the Peninsula or to Manchuria in two weeks and a line of provision transports established and defended. Perhaps this is not so far from the truth. Very moderate opinion is that in three weeks Japan could have every man in her active military establishment landed at any point she pleased in Manchuria or Corea, and a line of commissary transports established and defended.

In the coming war, therefore, it is believed that Japan can get into position throughout the country she desires to absorb, and that it would be up to Russia to oust her. Anybody who has read the third volume of Mr. Bloch's wonderful book on the science of war will understand the great advantage of being in position and intrenched. When the conflict comes, the Russian force and the Japanese force of available, active fighting men will not be far from the same. Every day that Japan delays, Russia's numbers of course increase.

In this conflict, the chief—perhaps the determining—element will be the respective Russian and Japanese fleets. The Japanese navy, practically all of which is at home and instantly available for this war, is one of the best fighting naval organizations in the world. Indeed, for its size, it perhaps—no, not perhaps, but undoubtedly—is the very best-equipped navy of the world. But neither is the Russian navy to be sneered at. Steadily, slowly, almost stealthily, she is increasing her maritime armament in the Orient. The stories told about the mismanagement and neglect of the Russian warships are believed to be erroneous, and this belief comes from personal observation. It must not be forgotten that the pet and pride and hope of the Russian nation has been her navy ever since the time that Peter the Great established it. Russia makes all her own guns for her warships herself. She makes most, nearly all, of her warships herself. They are well done. The ships were found in quite as good condition upon unexpected visits to them and on personal examination of all parts of them as English or American ships were found under like circumstances; and no opinion is here ventured as to the respective fighting powers of the Japanese and the Russian ships in a combat to the death.

Comparative Resources of the Two Powers

Finally comes the estimate of comparative resources—and it is plain that the subject cannot be exhaustively handled in a paragraph. Broad general outline only can be stated.

In the statement of that, it may be said that Russia has vast resources unorganized—chaotic—and only now in the process of modern arrangement by the great Witte. Russia has coal; Russia has iron; Russia has timber; Russia has admittedly the third richest, and many believe the richest, gold mines in the world. Russia has a bread-producing area second only to that of the United States. Russia's manufacturers are making strides which, for the Slav race, are astonishing, but which for a highly systemized people like the Americans or Germans would be almost snail-like.

On the other hand, Japan, with no iron, with poor coal, with limited fields, with a crowded population jostling and elbowing each other into the sea, has as highly systemized industrial organization as any nation. And her manufacturing enterprises are progressing with almost American rapidity. Her sources of taxation are comparatively limited and meagre, but to quote on this subject the coming man of Japan: "Organization of resources counterbalances unorganized abundance."

Japan, however, is hampered by a semi-democratic form of government, which every enlightened Japanese and every student of Japanese development now admits to be a failure. The Representative Assembly of Japan, so admirably arranged in theory, has proved to be nothing but a vexatious interference with the far-seeing plans of the Empire's real statesmen. The floors of the Diet have proved to be nothing but rostrums from which rank demagogy has been shouted to the masses—nothing but a stage upon which candidates for applause have out-screamed each other in playing the familiar and disgusting rôle of parliamentary conspicuity. This prevents Japan from making adequate preparation, although so profound is the national feeling that, when the time arrives, it will be the Representative Assembly who will want to rush into war for which they refuse to prepare, and the conservative statesmen who will strive to prevent war for which, in the mean time, they wish to prepare.

Russia, on the other hand, takes her measures far in advance. In addition to her ordinary sources of revenue, she has now taken over the monopoly of vodka and all liquors. The taxation on vodka alone practically supported the army and navy, and, now that the Government has become, itself, the distributer of intoxicants for one hundred and twenty millions of Russian people, it will add to its former taxation the profits of hundreds of thousands of dealers. At the same time, the people will be taught moderation in drinking.

Again, for example: the one thing consumed by man, woman and child in Russia is tea—in the homes, tea; on the streets, tea; in the trains, tea; in the camps, tea; on the boats, tea; in the squalid knots of ragged pilgrims, tea. "Very well!" said Witte, "why should private dealers profit from the common and universal necessities of the masses?" And so the Government is perfecting plans for taking on the monopoly of tea. This will be an enormous and constantly increasing source of revenue.

Two Master Minds that Want Peace

Finally, there is a rare possibility that Marquis Ito (by the test of vast achievements entitled to be called the first constructive living statesman of the world) and Witte (the ablest commercial and financial mind in Europe, and certainly the best business man the Empire has produced so far as the world has any data to judge from)—it is possible that these two great moderate, conservative minds may prevent the inevitable, avert the impending, and answer with their moderation the syllogism of Nature itself, whose conclusion is, as pointed out in these papers, the first great war of the twentieth century.

Witte is devoted to peace. Ito is devoted to peace. Each man has on his hands that noblest of tasks, the developing of an old people into a new people, and of ancient conditions into modern system. And war, which costs so much money; war, which wrecks credit; war, which eats up resources—is to these two mighty men of Europe and Asia their mutual nightmare. And they will avert it if they can. But to the observer who traverses the ground and then from afar, as from a high peak, surveys conditions, it looks as though two vast avalanches moving toward each other on the same line were steadily gathering momentum; and that the two giants' shoulders, braced against them in attempting to hold them back, will be all too weak for that great task—herculean though those shoulders are. To the impartial observer whose business it is to see and not to dream, to deduce the inevitable from the actual and not to call his hopes his facts, it would appear that sooner or later these two great bodies must meet.

Meanwhile the hopes and prayers of the world will be with the master minds of Russia and Japan—Witte and Ito. But if, despite their wisdom and their will, war comes, it will be one of those issues of Fate, in whose progress and ending, as in all like elemental and unavoidable conflicts, men and history may see the hand of God.

How Money is Burned in New York

By Paul Latzke

A LADY, and a very pretty lady she was, good to look at from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, entered the shop. A demure saleswoman, faultlessly gotten up in black, met the lady at the threshold. They greeted each other pleasantly and then conversed for a few minutes in low tones. What they said did not reach my ears. There was a clock on the opposite side of the street, and, being prohibited from paying too close attention to the pretty lady and the demure saleswoman, I watched the clock. It had ticked off seven and a half minutes when the conversation that had been beyond my ears increased in volume. The lady and the saleswoman were approaching the front of the shop where I was standing. What followed could not escape me.

"We are very much obliged to you, indeed, Mrs. Blank."

"I am sure the obligation is on my part," was the gracious response, "for a prettier gown I have rarely seen in my life. You don't know how pleased I am at securing it."

"Thank you, indeed, for your good opinion. Good-morning."

"Good-morning."

The pretty lady had reached the door, which was held open by a page in buttons, when she suddenly seemed to remember something.

"By the way," she said, "I forgot to ask the price of the gown. How much is it?"

"Seventeen hundred dollars," was the calm answer.

"Isn't that rather high?" suggested the lady, as the ordinary woman might have suggested that peaches at sixty cents a basket were high.

"No, I think not," replied the saleswoman, as demure as ever, and also apparently looking at the transaction as the most commonplace thing in the world. "You know it's an exclusive design and the very latest importation. Then the fur trimming——"

"Yes, I suppose that's true; I had forgotten it. All right; be sure and get it around early."

And the thing was over. A dress costing seventeen hundred dollars had been bought by this woman as freely as the average maid would have bought a kerchief. It hadn't even occurred to her to ask the price, except as an afterthought.

The Greenback Bonfires on Fifth Avenue

And that is the whole tone in New York to-day. It is the Era of Burning Money. There are bonfires on every corner of Fifth Avenue, from Twenty-third Street to Forty-second, and they are being fed with greenbacks at a rate that would have made the ancients, fabled for their luxury, stare and write themselves down novices. This dress transaction that I have attempted to describe is simply an incident, and a very small and unimportant one; an incident that is repeating itself in scores of shops every day, almost every hour of every day. In the jeweler's, the florist's, the furnisher's; everywhere it is the same. Ask any tradesman in the fashionable district which lies along Fifth Avenue between the streets I have mentioned, and, if he knows you well enough, he will tell you that his sales have increased fifty per cent. during the last eighteen months, and that his prices have gone up in proportion.

On a nasty, rainy morning I was standing in a jeweler's store on Fifth Avenue. The place was about eighteen feet wide and something like twenty-five feet deep. It would not have made more than a fair-sized bedroom in the home of a prosperous country merchant. Business was evidently dull.

"Trade isn't rushing?" I suggested to the proprietor.

"Oh, no; not this morning," he answered cheerfully; "the ladies are not fond of coming out in wet weather even in carriages."

"And expenses go on?"

"Yes; but who minds expenses when times are what they are to-day? We pay an annual rental of seven thousand dollars for this place. A few years ago it would have gone begging at three thousand. At this moment, if I should indicate to the landlord that I consider the rent too high, or that I am in any way displeased, or that I desire to relinquish my lease, he would rent it over my head inside of an hour at an increase of anywhere from fifteen to fifty per cent. It is practically impossible to find a street store location on Fifth Avenue to-day, and even the upper floors are held at figures that would make country people stare. A building with a twenty-five-foot front will bring, in a year's rent for a single upper story, more money than one would get for the outright sale of the ordinary store property in many cities. It is simply a question of what landlords have the conscience to ask. Would-be tenants are clamoring at their doorsteps."

Some Fifth Avenue Golcondas

This is literally true. There is a piece of unimproved property near Thirty-second Street on Fifth Avenue on which stands an old-fashioned dwelling-house, one of the few that remain in that section. It has a frontage of twenty-five feet and a depth of less than a hundred. It is owned by a wealthy tailor who bought it some years ago on speculation for $45,000. To-day he holds it at $200,000. He has declined an offer of $13,000 a year for ground rent, or more than $500 a front foot. He wants $15,000, and he will get it, and in addition will get a rental equal to ten per cent. per annum for all improvements. As the old building will have to be torn down and a new one erected for business purposes, at an expense of perhaps $40,000, this means that the property will bring, in rents, when improved, $19,000 a year under a ten-years' lease, or an assured income of $190,000 on an investment of less than $85,000.

That is the way fortunes are being made in New York real estate. And the boom is by no means confined to Fifth Avenue. It extends through all the side streets, and is even stronger on certain sections of Broadway than it is in the district I have mentioned. A conservative estimate shows that the property from Twenty-third Street to Forty-seventh Street, between Fifth Avenue and Seventh Avenue, has enhanced in value, within the last year, over sixty million dollars. This is not mere paper valuation. Rents are being collected in proportion. Purchasers stand ready with good gold to snap up every parcel that comes into the market, and the fortunate holders, who are not inclined to sell, are besieged by a horde of agents, the great majority of whom have standing offers of cash. It is an ordinary occurrence for a man owning a twenty-five-foot lot in this district to raise the price a thousand dollars overnight. Two thousand dollars a front foot is asked for property on the side streets, in fair locations, and eight thousand dollars a front foot is asked, and given, for parcels located in particularly choice spots, as, for example, on Broadway about Herald Square at Thirty-fourth Street, and Long Acre Square at Forty-fourth Street.

The Thirty-Fourth Street Boom

There have been some great stock booms during the past years in Wall Street, but even they were not more spectacular than this marvelous real-estate boom. Values have not alone doubled, but trebled and quadrupled in places. A hundred stories could be told of men who started out with a "shoe-string," as the saying goes, and who, through good fortune backed by some foresight, have become millionaires.

Thirty-fourth Street and Forty-second Street property was for years a drag. The boom hit Forty-second Street about a year and a half ago, when it was announced that one of the chief stations of the Underground Road was to be located on the flatiron at the junction of Broadway and Seventh Avenue at Forty-second Street. Instantly all the property around went up by leaps and bounds. A tradesman who had secured a ninety-nine years' lease on a small lot on one of the corners sublet at an increase over his rental of $35,000 a year. He was not required to spend a dollar for improvements or to invest more than a year's rental at the figure he paid. Now he and his heirs are assured of an income of $35,000 a year for ninety-nine years.

The Thirty-fourth Street boom began when it was announced that two large department stores had secured the entire Broadway fronts from Thirty-third to Thirty-fifth Streets, running back well into the block. Shortly afterward rumors began to spread that the Pennsylvania Railroad was going to put a huge terminal station somewhere in the same neighborhood. This sent values up like skyrockets. When the official announcement was made the other day that the Pennsylvania depot was to occupy all the space between Seventh and Tenth Avenues, from Thirty-second to Thirty-fourth Street, and that the Long Island Railroad was going to have an underground terminal at the same place, those who had sold, even at the enhanced values, groaned aloud at their misfortune.

A twenty-five-foot lot with an ordinary old-fashioned dwelling-house, on Thirty-fourth Street near the corner of Eighth Avenue—that is, two long blocks from Broadway—was purchased seventeen years ago for $15,000. In the interval there were long periods when it did not pay two per cent. on the investment. Three days before Christmas this piece of property was sold for $42,000, and the ink was hardly dry on the title deeds when the old holders received an offer of $48,000. They tore their hair with rage, and then set to work to get the property back, if possible, at something near the figure at which they had sold, in order to take on the other purchaser. Through a third party they approached the holder to whom they had transferred with an offer of $44,000, showing a clear profit of $2000 in two hours on a real-estate proposition that, ordinarily, would have been a dead proposition for a couple of years. The man laughed at them. "Why," he said, "as soon as I could get downtown with the title deeds I sold that piece of property for $50,000, and I've got the cash in bank for it now."

A Profit of $355,000 on a Tiny Plot

A Broadway corner in the vicinity of Herald Square is a tiny triangular plot, fifteen feet front on Broadway and eighteen feet deep on the cross street. This lot was bought in the seventies for $20,000. One of the department stores I have mentioned secured all the property on the block with the exception of this little corner. When the agents of the proprietors sought the owner of the little corner they found that he was in Europe. They wrote and asked him to cable a proposition. He replied that he would sell for $125,000. They laughed at him and offered him something less. He didn't even answer. Finally they offered him $125,000, and he told them that his price had risen and was now $150,000. They offered him $140,000 and he declined. Then they rose to $150,000, and he told them that his price was $175,000. Before they could close he had jumped it to $190,000, then to $210,000, to $225,000, and finally to $375,000. This for a bit of ground that has in it two hundred and sixteen square feet, or at the rate of nearly two thousand dollars for every square foot! The department-store people indignantly declined to buy. When they woke up they found that a little merchant with a speculative mind and considerable backing had snapped up the parcel at the owner's figure. All this occurred inside of three months. The proprietors of the department store now find themselves in this predicament: they have a huge plot of ground containing about four acres, for which they have paid enormous prices and on which they are proceeding with the construction of a building to cost several million dollars, while the vital corner, a mere speck of ground, is denied them, except at a price that makes even New York stare.

At first glance this would seem to be like a bit of extortion; but shrewd real-estate men have figured it out that, even at this figure, the owners can make this little plot pay over ten per cent. It is impossible, of course, to erect a skyscraper on such a small parcel, because an elevator would cut off so much floor space that there would be nothing left.

But the difficulty may be solved in a unique way. Provided the department store does not finally capitulate, and pay a big profit over $375,000, the owners of the corner, it is said, intend to put up a six-story building, which they will rent to a rival department store farther downtown as a branch where samples will be shown. Then the space above is to be let for advertising purposes, the scheme being to erect a huge steel tower with electric signs and other up-to-date devices.

It is figured that, when the Pennsylvania and Long Island terminals are completed, when the department stores are going at full blast, and when all the surrounding property facing Herald Square has been improved according to the present plans, over five hundred thousand people, on an average, will pass within sight of this corner every twenty-four hours throughout the year. This estimate includes the passengers on the elevated road and the passengers on the three great surface roads that intersect here.

On this advertising proposition, it is figured, a net revenue of $38,000 a year can be cleared for the ground value of the little plot, or ten per cent. on the investment, enormous as it is in proportion to the square feet of land.

* Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles on this subject.

BALLAINE'S BANK BALANCE

By Joseph Blethen

THERE was a crowd blocking the sidewalk and gazing with evident interest at one of the great plate-glass windows of the Elliott Bay National Bank. At a distance it looked like a run, but a closer view showed the entrance of the bank unobstructed. A notice, written in a bold script and hung inside the glass, was the object of the crowd's curiosity. It read:

AT THE OPENING OF THIS BANK TO-DAY
MR. T. FILLMORE BALLAINE'S BALANCE WAS
$10,087.62

For two weeks a similar notice had appeared regularly upon the window of the Elliott Bay National. It began on a Monday morning, and the few that glanced at it learned that T. Fillmore Ballaine had $3250.07 therein. Just who Mr. T. Fillmore Ballaine was no one seemed to know, and just why the bank should make public a matter usually regarded as a business secret none could guess. But each one who read it puzzled over it, and looked up at the notice the next time he passed the Elliott Bay National Bank.

On Tuesday the notice read $4007.09 and on Wednesday it read $4207.09 in the morning, but was replaced at the hour of closing by a new notice which read $3941.09. By Thursday the affair was in the papers and on Friday the daily balance was the topic of the town. All day long Saturday a crowd stood at the big window and discussed Mr. Ballaine's balance of $6402.09 and passed comments thereon. At the hour of closing a new notice proclaimed that Mr. Ballaine had $6999.09 therein, and some wag in the crowd gravely passed his hat saying: "Let's make it even money." On Monday morning Mr. Ballaine was surprised to find that some one had left a deposit of ninety-one cents for him and that his balance stood at even $7000.

During the second week Mr. Ballaine's bank balance climbed more slowly, but every increase was hailed with delight by the crowd in front of the window, who knew neither Mr. Ballaine nor the secret of his peculiar advertisement, yet who thoroughly enjoyed both. Not till Wednesday of the second week did the notice in the window credit Ballaine with $8000. Then a man in the crowd offered to bet a hundred that it would touch $10,000 by Saturday. For a moment the crowd thought he must be Ballaine and guyed him unmercifully, but some one recognized him as a local sporting man and his bet was left untaken.

Thursday was the tenth of the month and Mr. Ballaine evidently paid a few bills, for on Friday the balance in the window went down to $7432.87, where it hung till the close of business on Saturday. Then the clerk put up a new notice and the eager crowd cheered when it read the figures $10,087.62.

On Monday morning a portly man, ruddy of face, grizzled and grumbling, pushed into the crowd and read the notice. With a grunt of disgust he entered the bank. The cashier recognized him as one of his heaviest depositors, and greeted him pleasantly.

"Good-morning, Mr. Penny."

"Heard about your remarkable window and took a look. Strikes me as being ridiculous. Don't see how you came to allow it," said Mr. Penny, removing his silk hat and wiping a moist brow.

"Mr. Ballaine obtained permission from the president," replied the cashier, smiling.

"Did, eh? Who is this man Ballaine?"

"A young lawyer. Very bright fellow, quite original in his methods. This plan was his own. He brought enough influence to bear through his friends to obtain the necessary permission from the president. It has proven a remarkable attraction to the public."

"Friends, eh? Who were they?"

The cashier enumerated some of the most prominent of the younger business men of the Puget Sound metropolis.

"All right," interrupted the capitalist with the air of a man who had heard displeasing news. "When the young man comes in tell him he wins." Then he left the bank.

The cashier smiled, for he knew what Ballaine's "winning" meant, and he reported the conversation to the president.

But the crowd outside knew nothing of this, and only gaped as usual at the sign. That day it dropped to $9587.62 and remained there for ten days, when it jumped to $51,587.62, a sudden gain of $42,000. That night the evening papers proclaimed the sale of Mr. Penny's famous water-front property for a fabulous sum, and conveyed the interesting information:

"The deal was consummated by T. Fillmore Ballaine, an attorney in the Times Building, whose commission on this deal alone is $42,000."

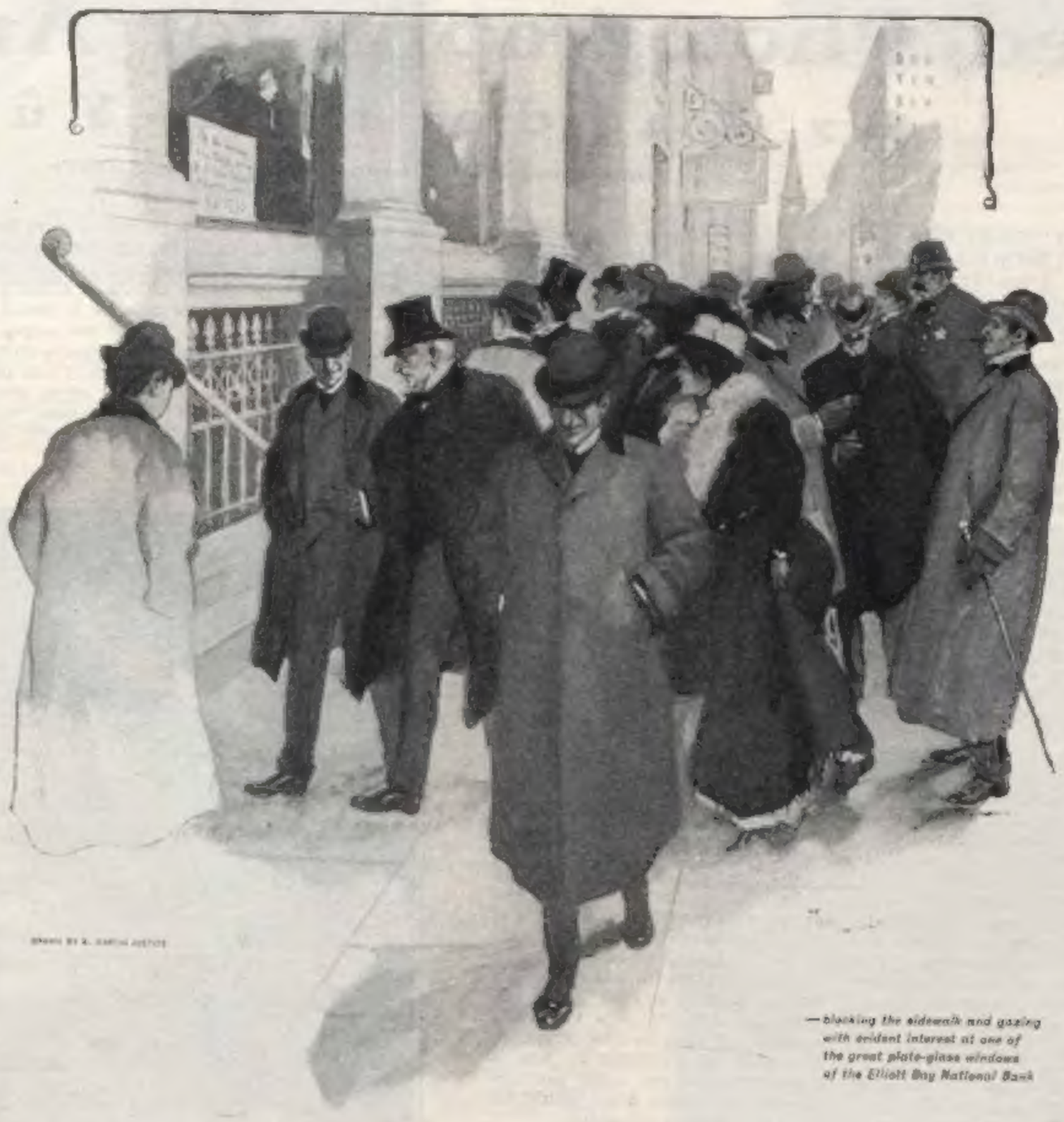
Next day many people looked up at the big window of the Elliott Bay National, but there was no trace of Mr. Ballaine's balance. In its accustomed place hung a sign which read:

ASSAY OFFICE VALUES PAID FOR GOLD-DUST
AND NUGGETS

But the public had become curious and the newspapers were worried into doubling their efforts at solving the puzzle; to no purpose, however, as Mr. Ballaine frankly told the reporters to go to blazes, and Mr. Penny was the most silent man on Puget Sound. There matters rested for a time, but when certain society leaders began giving pink teas and linen showers for Miss Penny, the Society Girl on the Times added suspicion to speculation and arrived safely at the facts.

The story as told in the Times was widely read, for therein lay both romance and solid business success.

The story related the coming of Mr. Ballaine to Seattle, where he opened an office as an attorney and proceeded to get acquainted. Without waiting for business to come to him, he went about making business, and with the small capital given him by his father on which to begin life he bought and sold, and at the same time made friends and studied men.



—blocking the sidewalk and gazing with evident interest at one of the great plate-glass windows of the Elliott Bay National Bank

Then he met the charming Miss Penny, only child of Penny the pioneer, Penny the owner of docks, of a street-car line, of unfilled acres of tide flats, of bonds, of bank stocks, of a bad temper and a delight in a business encounter with a strong mind. With Miss Penny the young attorney prospered; but with Mr. Penny the sign never seemed to be right.

In the quiet of his office the young attorney planned assaults on the father, having already won the daughter's blushing permission to do so. He knew that the battle must be a commercial one, but as the weapons were all on his adversary's side he figured that he must capture Mr. Penny with Mr. Penny's own ammunition. That took nerve, but nerve dwelt within the Ballaine tents and prospered there.

The scene between Mr. Penny and the young Ballaine, when the latter asked for Miss Penny, was one of the most delightful conflicts of the former's business career. Mr. Penny heaped up conditions which he felt sure the young man could not satisfy, and as Ballaine met them one by one the elder man warmed to the contest. He rather enjoyed being bested in the preliminaries as he felt sure of the main issue.

Character? The young man named the best men in town as his associates. Family? The Ballaines were known in Vermont before Pennys were coined. Prospects? The young man had his profession, some real estate, mining stocks enough to paper a boarding-house, three thousand in the bank, and a nerve that was worth 160 cents on the dollar. Out of the question? Not at all; the girl loved him, and he was merely calling on her father to arrange matters.

"No young man can marry my daughter till he has $50,000 of his own in the bank."

"That's easy. What will you take for your tide lands, Mr. Penny?"

Tide lands were Mr. Penny's proud distinction. He held the bulk of the best acres in Seattle. Ballaine was striking at the very pearl of the elder man's possessions. No one had ever succeeded in getting him to put a price on them.

"No joking," said the young man. "How much?"

Mr. Penny's soul expanded in an ecstasy as he named a price.

"I told you not to joke," said the young man severely. "I want a thirty-day option on those tide lands. Name a reasonable cash price."

Mr. Penny knew that the Great Northern wanted the lands, but would not buy because some one, who held a small strip between the Penny acres and the road's proposed new depot, would not sell. But Penny did not know that the young man facing him had secured an option on the much-discussed strip. The option had cost him dear, but it was the key to the whole battlefield. So Mr. Penny, thinking to tantalize the young man, named a very reasonable figure.

"I'll take an option at that price for ten days," said Ballaine.

"I want $10,000 for the option," replied Mr. Penny. "I'll give you a month to get that sum. When you bring me the cash I'll give you the option."

"That is fair," said Ballaine, rising to leave the room.

"Keep me posted," shouted Mr. Penny as the younger man disappeared through the door.

"I will," shouted the retreating voice pleasantly, and then Mr. Penny heard a ringing laugh come back through the long hall. For the lover had been struck with a sudden inspiration.

That week Ballaine gathered a dozen young men, personal friends, leaders in the town's commercial life, at a dinner. At the proper moment he told them his plan, and they helped him to win the president of the Elliott Bay National to his aid. A telegram to St. Paul offering the Penny lands under Ballaine's promised option, and the heretofore unpurchasable strip with it, brought a prompt acceptance, and for two weeks the young man sold his property right and left to secure the required $10,000, while the notice in the window kept Mr. Penny, and half the town also, posted as to his success. He could have borrowed that amount, but he had a larger game on foot that spurred him to win on his own merits. His office became crowded with men who desired to buy or sell some bit of real property and do it quickly. The sign on the bank window was an advertisement that thousands of dollars spent in the usual channels could not have equaled. Men went to Ballaine to sell knowing that he had the cash to buy. Men who wanted a certain bit of property wrote Ballaine confidential letters to buy the coveted corners for them. By prompt buying and selling Ballaine took commissions from both sides, and the balance on the window climbed. When it reached the $10,000 mark Mr. Penny capitulated. The word which he left at the bank that Monday morning brought Ballaine promptly to his office. The young man carried a certified check for $10,000.

"I don't want your check," said the elder man. "I want you to take that sign out of the bank window."

"Not just yet," said Ballaine. "Not till my commission for selling your tide lands to the Great Northern has been added to it."

"The road won't buy them and you know it. That little strip by the depot will block you."

Ballaine ignored the statement. "I have come for my option," said he, extending his check.

"I'll not take your check, but I will give you all that you can get above a certain figure for those tide lands."

"What's your figure?"

Mr. Penny named a price much higher than he had named when promising Ballaine his option. Ballaine promptly refused and again demanded the promised option.

"Do you want to ruin me?" demanded Mr. Penny in well-assumed alarm.

"A moment ago," said Ballaine, "you declared that I could not sell. Now you are afraid I can. Your change of sentiment is a compliment, sir," and the young man bowed.

Mr. Penny thought it over for a moment and then assured himself that the Great Northern wouldn't buy, even at the low price he had named, because that coveted strip was still in the way. He did not know that Ballaine had a telegram of acceptance from a certain railroad magnate in St. Paul, and he smiled as he handed Ballaine the written option.

"After that option has expired," said Mr. Penny, "you can frame it and hang it in your office. Keep your check; you will need it."

Ballaine raced back to his office and then, with his options and certain abstracts of title, went to the General Western Agent of the Great Northern, at his office in Seattle. The General Agent, when he saw the papers in all their delightful completion, pounded on the table and called Ballaine a bully boy. He wired to his chief in St. Paul and a reply came that set the Western Division buzzing.

Bring your friend Ballaine East in your car as guest of road. He is a wonder. Offer him position in our legal department.

On Ballaine's return to the Coast the bank balance made the big jump which carried it up to $51,587.62. Mr. Penny was much surprised, but he signed his deeds and accepted his price without a murmur. Then he invited Ballaine to go home with him to dinner.

"Miss Penny's dower," said the Times in conclusion, "is said on good authority to be a quarter of a million. That means that the Ballaine Bank Balance will shortly take another jump."

But the public never again saw that balance on the window.

Oddities of Congress

By René Bache

THREE members of the new House—Smith, of Illinois, Tawney, of Minnesota, and Butler, of Missouri—started in life as blacksmiths, according to the official volume of Congressional biographies. Brownlow, of Tennessee, began as a tinner. Wachter, of Maryland, learned the trade of a clothing-cutter, and Robinson, of Indiana, was a newsboy, helping to support his mother by selling papers.

W. H. Fleming, of Augusta, Georgia, puts a few picturesque items into the story of his life. While at college he earned a small salary by acting as college postmaster, and "also received assistance from Alexander H. Stephens by a loan of money, which was afterward paid with interest." In April, 1894, he "sustained a severe and almost fatal injury by a kick in the face by a runaway horse"—a disagreeable occurrence which bade fair to rob the nation of his future services.

Mæcenas E. Benton, who hails from Neosho, Missouri, brags mildly that he was the "original offensive partisan, who was charged with pernicious activity in politics." Paris Gibson, of Montana, says that he built the first flour mill in Minneapolis. William H. Douglass, of New York, is proud of the fact that he has made two trips around the world.

The youngest Representative in the new Congress is Asbury F. Lever, of Lexington, South Carolina. He was born January 5, 1875. The oldest member is Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, who came into this world of sin and sorrow August 31, 1823. When Mr. Grow entered Congress, in 1851, he was himself the youngest Representative, so that he has lived to pass, in point of years, all of his fellow-legislators. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress by a plurality of 297,446—the largest plurality, he avers, ever given in any State of the Union to any candidate for any office.

Although Mr. Grow is seventy-eight years old, the Father of the House is Harry Bingham, of Philadelphia, who has only just turned sixty. This is because Mr. Bingham has enjoyed the greatest length of continuous service, beginning with the Forty-sixth Congress. He has served, therefore, in twelve consecutive Congresses.

Another Philadelphian of distinction, Robert Adams, proudly states in his autobiography that he "drafted, introduced, reported, and passed through the House of Representatives, in one hour, the declaration of war against Spain." It is surely worth while to have played so conspicuous a part in such a historical episode.

Five members of the new House, including the Delegate from New Mexico, were born in Ireland. The Delegate from Hawaii, Robert W. Wilcox, states in his autobiography that he was born on the island of Maui. His father was from the State of Rhode Island, but his mother was a pure-bred native and a descendant of Lonomakaihonua, brother to King Kaulahea, who ruled over Maui in the year 1700. Wilcox, the Delegate, led two revolutions, in 1889 and 1895, to restore Liliuokalani, and for the second ebullition of patriotism was condemned to death by the Dole oligarchy. Congress intervened, however, and he got off.

Twenty-five Representatives and Senators refrain from telling how old they are.

Advanced Photography for Amateurs

By Zaida Ben-Yûsuf

Apparatus—With Photographs by the Author

No. 3—A conventional portrait made with a rectilinear lens

IT SEEMS to be perfectly reasonable in considering the technical side of photography that we should give a large share of our attention to the lens, especially since a poor selection governs the work produced in spite of all we may try to the contrary. This is, of course, acknowledging that we depend a great deal upon a mechanical agent to attain what we like to call a work of our own creation. But looking at the matter from a purely technical standpoint, apart from any artistic inspiration we may possess, the fact remains that we are unable to make a photograph without the aid of such mechanical accessories, and for this one important and essential reason no photograph can be a great work of art. Consequently there is not a photographer in existence who has any right to consider that his work has claim to such a serious recognition. It is an impossible condition; and the nearer a photographer comes to being an artist, the less satisfying will he find his medium. He may accomplish in one day three portraits, which for spacing, chiaroscuro and virile likeness would make fame for any painter who should produce three such in a year, and when they are done what are they?—merely photographs! Yet we must not forget that a good photographer does more for the world than does a poor painter; this is the consolation that helps the photographer, after a fit of discontent, to take heart and get down to work again, and to do his best with carefully selected tools to come as near his ideal as circumstances permit.

Remember that the eye of the camera is not a human eye which adjusts itself to all conditions. The nearest substitute that an optician can provide for you is an eye for each separate normal condition or unusual aspect. He can supply you with an eye that will see everything, with slavish impartiality, within an angle of one hundred and twenty degrees, or he can give you another that will see only about fifty degrees with clearness, or again, he can give you a lens that will photograph objects at a distance of several miles so that they will appear quite near. Besides these there are all the intermediate stages. It is not necessary for a photographer to go deeply into the science of optics; others have done that for you; you must take into consideration only the simple fact of how much you want to see and find out which sort of lens will come nearest to following your wishes.

If your taste is toward portraits, then sit in your most comfortable chair and carefully consider the situation. Notice how much your eye will take in, at one time, of the person who happens to be with you, or even of some certain spot in the room. You make your argument from the basis that a portrait is primarily intended to show the likeness of your subject, and that whatever else appears should consequently be less apparent to the observer at first glance. If you can convince yourself that for this purpose you require a lens that will not only see what is directly in front of it but also to the right and to the left, embracing an angle of eighty or ninety degrees, and seeing an object eight feet away as clearly as one fifteen feet farther, why, that is your personal concern, and you should on no account quarrel with your neighbor who thinks differently. You may some day change your mind. Yet, if you and your neighbor were to go off together on a day's hunting for pictures in the country, it is quite possible that he might come off second best when the hunter's spoils were counted, presupposing an equal quality of knowledge and skill on both sides.

The lenses we need consider for ordinary photographic work are divided mainly into the three following classes:

Wide angle.
Rectilinear.
Portrait.

Wide-angle lenses are very poor things to use under any circumstances, and they never should be used except when there is so little space between the camera and the object to be photographed that it is quite impossible to use any other; as, for instance, when a building has to be taken from the opposite side of a very narrow street, or when the interior of a very tiny room or cell is to be photographed. The view they present to you is never truthful, yet these are circumstances where truth would be properly called a necessity.

Next to these come the new astigmats. They are made for speed and rectilinear qualities, but are of shorter focus than the old-style rapid rectilinear lenses and are vastly more expensive. They are excellent for the special purposes for which they were made; as, for certain types of commercial work made indoors, and for buildings, marine views and landscape views where speed and a photograph showing considerable distance are desired; but for portraits and nearly all other figure work they never were intended, and for that they absolutely should not be used.

An exception may possibly be made if the photographer will refrain from making plates even as large as the lens is listed for. I know that every dealer will tell you that a lens of the Goertz or Zeiss type will "cover" a plate several sizes larger than it is listed for, and it is true; it will cover the plate, out to the edges, but that does not mean that you can make larger figures with it and keep them in drawing. At the same time, I can imagine that these very defects might be made use of to obtain a somewhat bizarre but pictorial effect. Illustration No. 1 is an experiment of this sort. Imagine feet distorted to the extent this dress shows!

No. 5—Made with a rectilinear lens

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of six papers forming a practical advanced course for amateurs in photography.

Out-of-doors, however, is quite another matter. There one seems to need just this type to see things as they really are, and one has the advantage of great speed because the extreme depth of vision takes away nearly all necessity for diaphragms, except when the light is too strong.

If, as a beginner, you can possess only one lens, the most useful for all sorts of work will be an old-style rectilinear, leaving it wide open for indoor work and using small diaphragms to get the depth of focus necessary for making pictures out-of-doors. These lenses generally record the image with more broad, painter-like effect than is possible with the new astigmats, and this is the quality which makes them good substitutes for the portrait lenses, which are so high in price that few amateurs care to invest in them. With the old rapid rectilinears it is the same as with the astigmats. A size larger than that listed to cover the size of the plate you intend to use them with (such as a 6½ x 8½ lens to use for 5 x 7 plates and an 8 x 10 with 6½ x 8½ plates) enables you to get better results. It permits you, especially, to get an image large in proportion to the size of plate without undue distortion. Being obliged to make concessions to your lens because it will make

No. 4—Made with a modern rectilinear lens

hands or feet too large is not calculated to make one forget the mechanical end.

There is no doubt that the modern portrait lens is an instrument splendidly adapted to its purpose, both for speed and definition, but with these as with others the higher price of some makes does not mean that they are really better than another of smaller cost. It is often merely a question of importation duties, and as these are very heavy the price is in some cases quite double what it should be. My own work is generally done with a large rapid rectilinear lens, except, for instance, in cases where I have used others specially adapted to certain illustrations for these articles. For continual use one lens has many advantages. You get to understand its little ways, and to know just about what to expect of it, so well that you can reduce the focusing and exposure to a condition in which you do it quite unconsciously, just because you *feel* it right; then you are free to give your attention to the new details that arise on every occasion that you begin to work.

The camera with which the lens is used is very easily decided upon by consulting the catalogues of the various manufacturers. It should be chosen, first, according to the size of plate your lens will be used for; secondly, by the length of bellows required by the lens you have chosen, and you must also be sure that the front board is sufficiently large to carry it. This is a necessary precaution if one intends to use an old-style rectilinear or a portrait lens. Lastly, you are governed by the price you wish to pay; but remember that to simply get the highest-priced instrument does not in this matter, any more than with a lens, always mean that you get what suits you best.

How to buy your apparatus is the next question. The dealers will offer an endless variety, so that one is tempted on all sides to accept what the salesman advises. The advice he gives is generally in perfect sincerity, so far as it goes, but he does not understand any of the ideas or ambitions of the broader side of photography. From the very nature of his work and environment he cannot be expected to get beyond the narrow grooves of textbooks and catalogues, even if he knows as much as that. I occasionally have a good deal of amusement over an inquiry on my part about something I may need. Generally, if I ask a dealer why a certain thing he recommends is good to use, the reply resolves itself into, "Well, everybody does;" and you cannot get anything more definite. There was an instance a few weeks ago in a talk over the telephone about flash powders. I wanted to know about all the different kinds the dealer had. Especially I wanted to know about magnesium ribbon. The salesman was quite sure I didn't want that. "But why?"

"Nobody uses it," he finally replied.

"Yes, but *why?*"

"Well, it's too expensive."

"How is it too expensive?" and several other questions, eventually got a reply that it "Costs eighty-five cents;" and I only persuaded him to send me some by saying that I also needed the kind they recommended. All this was simply because I gave the impression that I was not quite sure about what I wanted. Later I found that this eighty-five cents' worth went five or six times as far as an ounce of another powder at thirty-five cents, which made exactly four flashes.

Now we shall suppose that an entire new set of apparatus is to be bought, as the next step in advance of a small kodak. This suggests that a larger size is desired and brings us to a 5 x 7 or 6½ x 8½ camera. Having decided upon the size it may be a good plan to get the bargain lists from two or three reliable retail dealers. In these you will find that they have a number of all sorts of lenses and cameras that are new or have been left on consignment by people who for one reason or another want to dispose of them. By making your first ventures in this way you often come across an excellent outfit for very little cost. As the unthinking mass of amateurs generally buy what is most widely advertised, the result is many a good find in these lists for the thoughtful ones, particularly among the rapid rectilinear types and old portrait lenses. I have one now that is really worth a very trifling sum because newer things have come to take its place, but occasionally it is an excellent instrument for unexpected purposes. Originally intended to make half-inch heads, it also makes charming interior views if one can get far enough off (Illustration No. 2). I have also used the back lens alone as described in the article on landscape photography in this series, and when used for its original purpose it is so quick that it is difficult to be prepared for the remarkable difference in timing when the change is made from another lens to occasional use of that one.

No. 2—An interior, made with a portrait lens

Buying lenses this way you also have the opportunity of getting them on approval, and this is the really important point. No lens, either new or previously used, should ever be purchased without an understanding that it is to be subject to exchange within a certain time if you so desire. Even lenses of the same series will vary a great deal, so that if you give the matter a little thought it will be easy to realize why these precautions are advised.

To continue our example, we shall suppose that, as it is winter-time, you will find most to do indoors; so you decide that a rectilinear will answer the purpose best. In the lists you have received you perhaps find one you wish—a 7 x 9 (English size), of which the price may be twenty-five dollars. The next step will be to arrange for its delivery on the terms I have described. This can always be arrived at by sending the amount in question to prove your good faith, and there is no doubt that you in turn will be treated with the same fairness.

The lens in your possession, you will at once find out its focal length. This is done in a half-darkened room by holding it toward a well-lighted window with one hand while with the other you measure the distance between the lens and a view of the landscape or houses outside which is reflected on a sheet of white paper held behind the lens. The distance from the lens at which this view appears perfectly clear upon the paper will be the focal length of that particular lens. By a foot rule, from the back of a 7 x 9 (English size) I have at present before me to the white board, is exactly ten inches. That means that the camera must have a bellows capable of extending to about four inches more. With the camera will come a plate holder, which should be provided with hard rubber slides, as the papier-mâche ones are not at all durable. It may be that after several days' trial you will want to have another lens for the sake of comparison; perhaps the second will satisfy you, or possibly you may prefer the first one after all.

Or, if your taste leads you to outdoor photography, you will find the same methods apply to an outfit more suitable for that purpose. Your camera, for better protection, may be inclosed in a permanent sole-leather box, and the lens, if you decide on an astigmat, will probably have to be a new one unless you wait your opportunity of getting one in other ways.

But having got so far in either case you are now ready to consider the brand of plates you will use, unless previous experience has already decided the matter for you. This is one place, however, where the most expensive are usually the best. They contain a larger quantity of silver in the sensitive coating, and you get the benefit of this in your photographic result along with some other advantages, due to careful handling, such as freedom from dust holes, an even thickness of glass upon which the emulsion is spread, better results in the dark parts of the picture and greater speed. I find that among

No. 1—The defects of an astigmat for certain purposes shown in the distortions of the chair

amateurs the isochromatic brands are used altogether too much. It is an unnecessary precaution, and as they are so sensitive to even the dark-room light it is difficult to watch the development as one should. Suppose a violet dress does come out white, what is the difference, anyway, so long as your picture shows a graceful and well-arranged idea? And if a red dress is going to come out darker, why, just allow for it by letting in more light or adding a little to the exposure. "Blue eyes" is the general excuse, but very few people have eyes of that color, and when you do get one for a subject it is not so very hard to select a pose of the head that will get over the difficulty without destroying the likeness. Out-of-doors (except for very late afternoon pictures) a plate that is a trifle slower than those used indoors is to be preferred; it is less liable to show the effects of over or under exposure, and this is of importance because our working light is so much stronger; just about ten times quicker usually.

About shutters, they are nearly all of excellent mechanism, manufactured in America with the same precision as a watch; but they are unfortunately used quite too often by photographers. It is much better to begin without one.

A substitute for the tripod which suggested itself to me lately was an adjustable bookstand on casters, such as invalids use. I think that with some very slight changes it offers possibilities for use at home. A convenience of this kind has to be thought out by each one for himself, as the maker of photographic supplies does not seem to be in any hurry to supply this need; at the same time so many useless and confusing etceteras are provided that it is very hard to be wise, and to avoid getting things that will be of no real help and which will only hamper the artistic instinct. One's attitude should be, *How much can I do without?* instead of, How much more do I need?

Pet Words and Phrases

By William Mathews, LL.D.

ONE of the weaknesses—often amusing, sometimes unpleasant—of some men, even cultivated ones, is the excessive use of pet words and phrases. Rufus Choate, in arguing a law case before Chief Justice Shaw, contended that the return of a sheriff on a writ which he had served—in which return he had repeated a certain word two or three times—was insufficient. The judge having replied that it was good in substance, though faulty in form, Choate rejoined: "But don't you think, Your Honor, that he has rather *overworked the participle?*"

There are some speakers and writers who have a trick of overworking certain words and phrases which for some inexplicable reason have become the favorite ones of their vocabulary. Some of these pet expressions are kept so continually on duty that they seem like tortured ghosts, and one can almost fancy he hears them crying out: "Let me go now; have you not done with me yet?"

There is no surer mark of poverty of language and of bad taste than the frequent and ever-recurring use of terms and phrases which have been worn threadbare by repetition. Unfortunately, there is no one of a man's idiosyncrasies or characteristics of which he is commonly more ignorant than of the shibboleths of his individual dialect.

Chateaubriand, the brilliant author of The Genius of Christianity and The Martyrs, used to "overwork the participle" in his writings as badly as did the Massachusetts sheriff. It is said that in printing a work of his the typesetters throughout the office exhausted the letters *a, n, t,* which was a mystery to them till a critical friend pointed out the cause in the author's exorbitant partiality for the French participial termination, *ant,* which he constantly used instead of the pronoun and the verb.

It was said of the British prime minister, William Pitt, that he swayed his audiences by stately, sonorous, flowing sentences, in which a couple of powdered lackeys of adjectives waited on every substantive. The great Edinburgh reviewer, Jeffrey, had a similar strong partiality for the same part of speech, if we may believe that merry wag, Sydney Smith, who writes to a friend: "Jeffrey has been here with his adjectives, which always travel with him." There was a student in Harvard College some sixty-two years ago who had a trick of languidly drawling his sentences and ending them with the phrase, "and—so—on." One evening he burst a button off his coat, upon which one of "the boys" said: "Jones,—don't—you—think—you—had—better—go—home—and—get—a—button, and—sew—on?"

The pet word of the once popular "Country Parson," A. K. H. Boyd, which is made to do duty on almost every page of his last work, Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews, was "outstanding." The absurdity into which one may be betrayed by such a habit is ludicrously illustrated by an anecdote that used to be told by the poet, James Russell Lowell, of two college acquaintances of his. The habitual phrase with which one of them modified every observation concerning other persons was, "for him."

Being asked one day by Mr. Lowell: "Didn't Mr. —— die very suddenly?" the reply was: "Well—yes; *very* suddenly—for *him.*"

The other acquaintance qualified every statement with the word "temporarily." When asked, "Where is H. now?" "Oh, he has cut his throat," was the reply. "Cut his throat?" "Yes—*temporarily.*"

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

By Hamlin Garland

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NINETEENTH CHAPTER

AS THE messenger stood before the Agent, delivering his message with shadowy silence and swiftness, Elsie thrilled with the dramatic significance of the scene.

With a few gestures Curtis dismissed the man and, turning, translated his message. "He says the settlers below us have fled toward Piñon City, taking all their goods with them. The Tetongs are all in camp except the young men who are scouting for the chiefs to see what it all means. That mob of cowboys took delight no doubt in scattering consternation as they passed."

"Wilson is coming across the street," said Jennie. "He has an Indian with him."

"Another scout," said Curtis. "Now, I shall let you know all that goes on, but I must ask you all—but Lawson—to leave me the library to transact this business in. The Indians will feel more at ease."

As they all moved across the hall to the sitting-room Elsie said: "It seems like being at army headquarters."

"It is a little like a commander's tent in the field. I wish we dared to throw that old Sheriff off the Reservation. He has no right to be snooping round here," said Jennie.

Curtis at this moment appeared. "My message was from the farmer at Willow Creek. He says all his employees, with one or two exceptions, have disappeared; that the band of Crawling Elk was threatened by a mob of white men early this morning, and that they are all breaking camp in order to flee to the hills. All the settlers on the Willow are hurrying their women and children down toward Piñon City. The whole country has been alarmed by the menace of the coroner's inquest, the coroner's party being camped above the Agency at Johnson's ranch waiting the Sheriff's return. The deputies had not reached there when this letter was written," added Curtis. "If the Sheriff's word is of any value to them the crowd will disperse to-night. I am sending a message of reassurance to the farmer and to the settlers."

"It's getting mighty serious, don't you think so?" asked Parker. "I wish the troops were here. Can't we hurry them up?"

"No; all that can be done has been done. I shall depend on you not to betray anything that goes on here. And in the presence of the Sheriff I wish you would all be especially guarded. You might engage him in a game of 'cinch' after dinner. Anything to keep him out of my way."

"We'll take care of him," said Jennie. "I'm going to look after dinner now. Mary is nervous and flighty."

Curtis went back to his library, where Lawson still sat. Wilson had returned to the office.

"I guess you're right, Lawson. Those fellows planned to produce a panic this morning when they sent out the two armed squads to meet here. Apparently they have alarmed the whole country. I didn't think they would be so foolish."

"What can you expect of a mob that would send a Sheriff into a Reservation as leader of a lynching party, without even the name of a suspect to work upon?"

One by one Curtis called on his trusted Tetong employees and, quieting their fears, put them to their duties. Special policemen were uniformed and sent to carry his commands to the encampments on the hills. He ordered the head men of each band to come to the Agency for council at once and to tell their people to be quiet, and the tranquilizing effect of his bearing began to make itself felt. The threads of the whole tangle were at last in his hands, and when he received the Sheriff at six o'clock he was confident that all would be quiet in the morning.

Two Horns came down from the hills and at Curtis' order gathered his band around his own teepee to camp until their fears were allayed. Together with the old chief Curtis made a tour of the huts and teepees, making it plain that all was quiet and that no more armed men would come among them to incite violence.

"The cattlemen have turned back for fear of the Little Father and of Washington," said Two Horns to all his people, and they were glad of his words.

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of December 14, 1901.

TWENTIETH CHAPTER

THE Sheriff came to dinner a little shamefacedly, but Calvin was profoundly pleased and on his very best behavior. Being Deputy-Sheriff had its manifest advantages.

"Now, see here, Winters," he said confidentially as they were going across the road; "you mustn't talk politics round the ladies over there."

"Politics!"

"You know what I mean. You keep to the weather and the crops, and let this murder case alone for a minute or two or I'll bat you one for luck."

Winters took this threat as a sign of their good understanding and remarked jocosely:

"You —— young cub, I'll break you in two for a leather cent."

"That's all right, Jeff, but what I say goes." And remembering old Joe Streeter's political pull the Sheriff was silent.

Jennie kept the conversation pleasantly inconsequential by a cheery tale of the doings of a certain Chinaman she had once tried to train into a cook, and Calvin, laughing heartily, matched her experience with that of his mother while keeping house in Piñon City one winter. This left Elsie to a little conversation with Curtis.

"You must let me see this council to-night," she said, and her request had the note of a command.

"I know how you feel," he said, "and I wish I could do so, but I can't make an exception in your favor without offending the Parkers."

"You are the general," she said smilingly. "If you see fit to invite us and leave them out they can only complain. I'm going to stay with Jennie anyhow."

"In that case we can manage it."

"Do you know what I think? You've instigated this whole affair to convert me to your point of view!" She laughed at his blank look. "Really, the whole thing is like a play. I'm not a bit frightened. It's precisely like sitting in a private box and seeing the wolves tear holes in Davy Crockett's cabin—you are the manager."

"Well, why not? When the Princess tours the provinces all sorts of historical pageants are presented. It is her due." And as he spoke he observed for the first time the significant absence of the ring from her finger. The shock threw him into a moment's swift surmise—and when he looked up at her she was flushed and uneasy. She recovered herself first, and though her hand remained on the table it was turned from him.

"I hope this council to-night will not fail. I am eager to see it."

"They will come!" he replied confidently.

The dinner came to an end with the Sheriff in excellent temper. Lawson offered cigars and toiled him across the road to the office, leaving Curtis free to take a quiet smoke in the library.

He took on bodily immobility as he lay back in his chair, but his mind was feverishly active, and in the swirl of his doubts and speculations the question of Elsie's ring came oftener than it should. Did it mean that she had broken with Lawson? Or had she merely forgotten it? The flush of joy he felt at seeing her finger bare of a pledge was succeeded by a twinge of shame at his disloyalty to a friend who had shown himself a very present help in time of trouble.

He resolutely set to work to present the situation of the Sheriff's presence concisely to the Department in a telegram. He was at work upon this when the girls entered the room, and while Jennie closed the curtains and lit the lamp Elsie came over to him to say sympathetically:

"Are you tired, Captain Curtis?"

"Yes—a little. The worst of it is I keep saying: '*If so and so happens then I must do thus and thus,*' and that is the hardest work in the world. I can deal with actual, well-defined conditions, even riots and mobs, but fighting suppositions is like grappling with ghosts."

"I know what you mean," she replied quickly. "But I want to ask you—could father be of any help if I telegraphed him to come?"

He sat up very straight as she spoke, but did not reply till he turned her suggestion over in his mind. "No; at least not now. What troubles me is this: the papers will be filled with scare-heads to-morrow morning; your father will see them and will be alarmed about you."

"I will wire him that I am all right."

"Yes, you could do that, and I think you are safe, but at the same time he will think you ought not to be here; he will blame me for allowing you to come in, and, what is worst of all, he will wire you to come out."

"Suppose I refuse to go—would that be the best of all?" Her face was distinctly arch of line.

His heart responded to her lure, but his words were measured as he answered: "I'm afraid I couldn't conspire with you—the responsibility would be too great. It will be hard to convince him that you are not in danger."

She sobered. "There really *is* danger then?"

"Oh, yes; so long as those settlers are in their present mood."

"You think I ought to go, then?"

He looked at her with eyes that were wistful and searching. "Yes; I suppose you ought. Captain Maynard will be here to-morrow with a troop of cavalry, and as soon as possible I shall ask him to escort you to the railway, unless things change radically for the better."

"But the danger will be over then?"

"Yes, to us—but to your father it will seem to be intensifying."

"I will not go on that account! As Mr. Lawson says, the safest place will be right here. I have the greatest confidence in your command of these people—and so has Mr. Lawson."

Lawson's name again changed the current of his emotion. He suddenly realized how dangerously sweet it was to sit thus in his own library with that glorious face opposite him.

His tone was studiously genial as he said: "Lawson is a comfort to me. He is absolutely fearless, and his knowledge of the Tetongs, and of the cattlemen, too, is of the greatest

help to me. He saw the need of sending for troops, and while I was engaged with the Sheriff wrote an order and slipped it under my hand to sign." His eyes grew humorous again

Under cover of the loud cracking of the Sheriff's oaths we conferred briskly

The sound of a tapping on the window made them both start

"Another of my men," he said, rising. Then turning to her with grave tenderness he added 'Miss Brisbane, this will be an exciting night, but I hope you feel that if any real danger threatens I will think of you first of all I hope you are to stay with Jennie?

I mean to, but we want to know all that goes on. We don't want to be battened down like passengers in a storm at sea There is nothing so trying to nerves'

Very well, I promise not to leave you in ignorance," and raising the curtain he signed to the man without to enter. It was Crow, the captain of the police

'Two Dog has just come in from Willow Creek," he reported. "He says the cattlemen are still camped by Johnson's ranch. They all held a council this afternoon

Are any of the head men here?"

Yes, they are eating supper at my teepee Elk wants to see you very bad"

Tell them to come over at once; the council will take place here'

After the officer went out Curtis moved the easy chairs to one side of the room and set other plain ones in a semicircular row at the other. Hardly was he settled when Elk Grayman and Two Horns entered the room and after shaking hands took the seats assigned them. Their faces were grave and Grayman's brow was knotted with lines of anxiety. He was a small man with long brown hair, braided and adorned with tufts of the fine feathers which grow under the eagle's wings. He was handsome and neatly dressed, the direct antithesis to Crawling Elk, who was tall and dark with a homely, good-humored face seamed with wrinkles; a face that would be recognized as typical of the Tetong man of bones and blood. Two Horns, distinctly less concerned than the others, unrolled his pipe and began filling it, while Curtis resumed his writing

Jennie, looking in at the door, recognized the chiefs and they all rose politely to shake hands with her

I am coming to the council," she said to Two Horns.

He smiled "Squaws no come council—no good'

"No, no; heap good," she replied "We come. Chiefs heap talk—we catch-um coffee."

'Good, good!" he replied. "After council, feast'

One by one the other chiefs slipped in and took their places, till all the bands were represented save that of Red Wolf. Then Curtis sent for the Sheriff and Calvin, and Jennie and Elsie and Lawson came in When all were seated Curtis began his talk by saying to the chief tains

"You know this young man!" He pointed at Calvin "Some of you know this man." He touched the Sheriff. "He is the White War Chief of all the country beyond where Grayman lives. He comes to tell us that a herder has been killed over by the Muddy Spring He thinks it was done by a Tetong. The white people are very angry and ther say you must find the murderer. Do you know of any one who has threatened to do this thing?"

Curtis spoke in English in order that the Sheriff could hear all that was said and have no complaint to make afterward, and Lawson translated it into Sioux

One by one the chiefs replied 'I do not know who did this thing. I have heard no one speak of it as a thing good to be done. We are all sad."

Two Horns said "I think it hard that a whole tribe should suffer because the white man thinks one red man has done a wrong thing

Grayman spoke sadly: "My people have had much trouble because the cattlemen want to drive their herds up the Willow, and we are like men to keep the door. It is our duty—the same as you should say to a policeman—'Do not let any body come in my house.' Therefore, we have been accused of killing the cattle and stealing things. But this is not true I remembered your words and I did nothing to make these people angry—but some of my young men threw stones to drive the sheep back and then the herder fired at them with a revolver. This was not our fault.'

'He lies!" said the Sheriff hotly. "No one has fired a gun. His men were riding down the sheep and the herder rocked 'em away

"You admit the sheep were on the Reservation, then?' asked Curtis

Well—yes—temporarily. They were being watered

'Well, we won't go into that now," said Curtis. Turning to the chiefs and speaking with great solemnity, using the sign-language at times, he said

Now, Grayman, Elk, Two Horns, Standing Water, Lone Man and Crow, listen to me. Among white men it is the law that when any one has done a wrong thing—when he steals or murders—he is punished. If he kills a man he is killed by the chief, not by the relatives of the man who is slain. If a Tetong has shot this herder then he must suffer for it—he and no one else If you know who did this it is your duty to give him up to the law. I want you to go back to your people and search hard to find who killed this white man Will you do this?

One by one they answered: "Aye—we will do as you say and their solemnity of utterance attested their sincerity

'I want to say a word," said the Sheriff

'Not now," replied Curtis. "These people are my charges. Whatever is said to them I will say;" and at his gesture they rose and went soberly out into the night

Curtis turned to Lawson. "You were kind enough to offer the Sheriff a bed in your quarters; may I trouble you to show him the way? I assume he is as tired as the rest of us.'

Lawson, who understood the game, rose and said: "No trouble. If Sheriff Winters will come with me I'll pilot him to his couch. It isn't downy, but it will rest a tired man Calvin, you will bunk alongside

"All right, Professor." Calvin rose reluctantly and as he stood in the door he said in a low voice to Jennie "Now, if you want me any time just send for me

"Hold the Sheriff level—that's what you do for me

'I'll see that he don't get gay," he replied heartily

Both girls rose at his word and Elsie said: "It seems cruel that you cannot go to bed after such a wearisome day'

You forget that I am a soldier," he said, and saluted as they passed. He observed that Lawson merely bowed when she said 'Good-night' politely

When they were alone Lawson turned and spoke with forced carelessness

I think I will turn in—all seems secure till morning Oh, yes—the telegram—have you sent that?

'No, here it is; read it while I call a messenger." He tapped on the window and almost instantly a Tetong rose from his blanket. "Tony, I have a long ride for you

All right," replied the faithful fellow cheerfully

I want you to take some letters to Piñon City—come round to the door." As he stepped into the light he appeared to be a boy of twenty, black-eyed and yellow skinned, with thin and sensitive lips. "You take the letters to the post office—you understand?—and these dispatches to the telegraph office

Pay money

No pay Can you go now?'

Yes, go now

Very well, take the best pony in the corral. Good-night.'

The young fellow put the letters away in the inside pocket of his blue coat, buttoned it tightly and slipped out into the moonless night, and was swallowed up by the darkness

Lawson watched him go and said. "I shouldn't want that ride and yet how cheerfully he sets out. Well, so long, old man. Call me if I can be of any use

'I see a light burning in Wilson's office ask him to step over here, will you, kindly?"

'Certainly. Good-night

'Good-night."

Wilson reported at once and to Curtis' question replied

No, nothing new The mob has gone into camp over there I'm expecting Barker in every minute. He would be able to report the temper of the convention—the Indians can only look on from a distance

Well, I shall keep watch and ward here," said Curtis and I guess you'd better 'make down in the office'

I've done that already. Did you get off the wire and letters?'

'Tony has just set out

After Wilson shut the door Curtis sank back into the big chair of his library and closed his eyes in deep thought. As he forecast the enormous and tragic results of the return of that armed throng of reckless cattlemen he shuddered. It would all but destroy the Tetongs, nullifying all he had been trying to do for them

Some one knocked softly on the door, and Jennie came in

It's worrisome business being Indian Agent after all, isn't it George?

'Oh! I don't know this is our first worry it will soon be over

A knock at the outer door startled them

Calvin Streeter entered—a little abashed at seeing Jennie Meeting Curtis' look of inquiry he said: "Cap I've been a-studyin on this thing a good deal, and I've come to the conclusion that you're right on all these counts, and I've concluded to ride over the hill and see if I can't argue the boys Perhaps I can head

—"They say you must find the murderer"

out of their notion to kill somebody em off. Good night.'

After he went out Jennie said "I call that the Grace of God working in the soul of man

Curtis looked at her keenly "I call it love of woman sanctifying the heart of a cowboy."

She tossed her head a little Do we women go on the pay-rolls as Assistant Agents?"

Not if we men can prevent it. What kind of a report would it make if I were forced to say: 'At this moment Miss So-and-so came to my aid, and by inviting the men in to dinner completely disarmed their hostility'?"

She changed her tone to one of mystery. "Did you notice that Elsie Bee Bee's engagement ring was gone?'

He put her from his knee. "Now, see here, Jennie, you were sleepy half an hour ago and should be now."

She smiled. "There is a great change in Elsie all the same. She treats me like a sister—good-night."

After the Sheriff and his deputy had gone out Jennie said I'll go get some milk for you—Oh!" she gasped; "I forgot the coffee for the head men! You dismissed them so abruptly

"Ah, well, they didn't need very much," said her brother consolingly. "They had just eaten."

After Jennie went out into the dining-room Elsie sat with her elbows on the table gazing in silence toward the empty fireplace. It was plain she was tired

Curtis saw it and said: "I regret more than I can say the worry and discomfort all this brings to you

Oh, I'm not thinking of myself this time; I am thinking of the hopeless task you have set yourself. You can't solve this racial question—it's too big and too complicated."

Lawson returning a few moments later, Curtis looked at Jennie. "I think you girls had better go to bed. Your eyes are heavy lidded with weariness."

"Aren't you going to sleep?" asked Jennie anxiously

"I shall lie down here on the sofa—I must be where I can hear the tap of my couriers on the window. Good-night."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Published every Saturday by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶French people put $486,000,000 into an Isthmian canal and received—an interesting lesson in geography.

¶According to the pictures some of the angels wear trailing dresses, but there are no birds' wings in their hats.

¶Miss Columbia is enjoying the popularity that belongs to the richest young woman of the world. All the nations want her to be their Valentine this year, and she has so much heart that she cannot refuse a single one of them.

¶Reform is the cry. Poor Lo is to have his hair cut and to stop painting his cheeks. This is the official order on one of the Reservations. But if the Indian, why not the football player? The discrimination seems unjust.

¶Those who lay upon supposititious Boer emissaries the blame for the sinking of a British ship, mule-laden, bound for South Africa from New Orleans, overlook a simpler explanation which will at once occur to every one familiar with the characteristics of the American mule.

¶King Edward VII would succeed as a politician. The new postage stamps will make his features familiar even to those English people who do not take American illustrated papers; and the penny stamps are red to please the English and the half penny ones are green to please the Irish

¶Germans drink more beer than Frenchmen and Britons combined. Frenchmen drink more wine than Germans and Britons combined. Britons drink more spirits than both Germans and Frenchmen. Americans drink more water than do Germans, Frenchmen and Britons. And Americans have passed all three in the race for industrial supremacy

¶If we are to accept the dictum of an enthusiastic Chicago University professor, we shall say of Washington that he was not only first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, but that he was also first in the supreme mastery of English prose. The worthy professor declares Washington to have been the superior of either Macaulay or Stevenson in this regard.

¶That many germs, when confronted with water, deliberately commit suicide to escape from that fluid, is the news that is seriously wired from Chicago as one of the discoveries given out to a feverishly anxious public by a convention of scientists there. And the question immediately arises: Are they tramp germs that they so dislike water, or do they grow desperate in the presence of Aqua Chicagoensis?

Yachts are Trumps

THE dictionary says that a yacht is a vessel used for pleasure trips or for racing. Evidently dictionary makers do not know everything. The yacht is becoming one of the most important agencies by which international relations are affected for good or ill. The visit of the America to England in 1851 meant, for millions of Englishmen, a new discovery of this continent. Dunraven's exploits in 1895 paved the way for the Venezuelan message. In the past few years, Lipton, with his Shamrocks, has been knitting together the fabric of Anglo-American friendship which Chamberlain and Kitchener have unraveled.

When Germany was coquetting with England, the Kaiser bought a British yacht and raced her in English and Continental regattas. Now that Germany's feelings have changed, he has ordered another yacht in America, has invited President Roosevelt's daughter to christen it, and has announced that he will send his brother in imperial state to grace the ceremony.

Certainly after this a yacht will be considered something more than a rich man's toy. It is becoming a recognized instrument of diplomacy. The relations among the Powers used to be judged by the warmth of the greetings extended by their sovereigns to the foreign ministers at their courts. A cool remark of Napoleon III to the Austrian Ambassador at a reception in 1859 told the excited world that war between France and Austria was imminent. Hereafter, the diplomatist may take to studying the yachting calendars. If he sees a boat belonging to the Austrian Emperor enter a regatta at Nice, he will know that the Triple Alliance is shaky and that Austria is coquetting with France. If he observes Kaiser Wilhelm's new American-built craft lifting cups at Cowes, he will say to himself that the tide of Anglophobia in Germany is on the ebb.

A naval demonstration of this sort is certainly better than one carried out by fleets of truculent battleships. And if yachts are to be trumps in the diplomacy of the future, Americans will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are right in the game.

Distance lends enchantment to the few.

The Explanation of Our Success

A BRITON who visited this country recently to find out for himself and for others the causes of American leadership thinks that he got to the bottom of our astonishing manufacturing superiority. He reports his conclusions to an important body of his own country. He says: "The explanation is a simpler matter than one would have thought, and lies chiefly in, first, the really amazing completeness of the technical knowledge and the devotion to their work, of the American employers, and next, in the really terrific energy that the American workman throws into his work." It is very pleasant to find an observer getting away from such things as nations and the costs of material and the larger natural facilities and appreciating the individual factors in the great problem.

Many are of the opinion that this country owes its wealth to the possession of boundless resources. In a sense it does. But the country with simple natural wealth is sometimes full of poverty. We find the fact illustrated in Alaska. Long after the purchase of that possession it was regarded as little more than an investment in ice, useful to have because of its geographical position. But all the time gold was there, and when the gold was found another story was told. Men rushed in thousands to Alaska and within a year it became an Eldorado.

Some of the tropical countries are rich beyond the dreams of avarice, but they have no money in their treasuries, no prosperity in their people. Some day the enterprising man will begin to work and there will be new millionaires. In our own land the sections that are naturally the richest have until recently been the poorest—all because the magic wand of labor was hung in the shade. The Yankees did not become the leaders because of gifts of the soil or of the rocks, but from the fact that they developed their brains and learned how to toil intelligently.

It took hard work to turn the prairies into waving fields, to tunnel deep down into the mines, to dig the ore and to use the various products toward the common end of industrial utility. As the work went on the study of methods gave the mind problems with which to wrestle, and the man who was ahead had to keep on learning in order that those who followed might not pass him in the race. The technical school was a step beyond the individual training—and thus the experience and the wisdom of men of success were brought together and the new generations were able to know as much at the beginning of their careers as those preceding them had learned in their entire lives. So this American leadership has been no sudden thing, but the gradual gathering of strong and virile forces, until in its present sweep it exceeds anything mankind has ever before known.

In paying tribute to the accurate knowledge of the American employer the Briton was right. Fancy heads that draw large salaries are not known in the best undertakings in America. Most of the presidents of our railroads can run a locomotive, survey a new line or help to repair a break in the machinery. The young son of the millionaire, instead of sitting a few hours each day on the leather-cushioned chair in the front office, must go into the shops and work his way up. We do not count our workmen as so very much better than those of England, for humanity is pretty much the same everywhere, but we do know that they work under better advantages; they have opportunity always ahead of them, with its fine and substantial stimulus, and they are willing to work hard and work well because they are conscious that the man over them knows how the work should be done and what are the quality and quantity of their toil.

Thus American labor is driven and permeated by intelligence, and that is the great thing after all. It is American brain behind American muscle that has wrought all this wonder which is bringing investigators from foreign climes on every steamship, and which is just beginning to make its real strength known

A place for everything is not nearly so hard to manage as to have a thing for every place

The Philanthropist in the Poorhouse

A TALE almost incredible in its pitifulness, a tale with the sombre bitterness of Ecclesiastes, comes from across the ocean. A man whose life has been devoted to beneficence, whose fortune has been scattered in doing good to mankind, whose splendid work is known throughout the world, is in the most helpless poverty. He is, in fact, said to be actually an inmate of a poorhouse. And when, recently, a glorious reward was made to him on account of his public services, creditors took legal steps to intercept the money. Yet there must be somewhat of comfort to him, somewhat of consolation, in knowing that, even though he eats the bread of poverty, he and his achievements are honored by a grateful world.

On a June day in 1859 there was a fearful battle at Solferino, witnessed by Garibaldi, by the Emperor of Austria and by Napoleon III. The battle raged fiercely for fifteen hours and at its close over thirty thousand wounded men lay upon the field.

A Swiss gentleman, Henri Dunant, was a spectator of the battle and of many of its horrors, and he worked with intense eagerness, in aid of the inefficient surgical service, to assuage the agony of the suffering men. When he finally left the battlefield it was not only with a deep impression of the horrors of war but with a high determination to do what he could to lighten those horrors in the future.

Through his ponderings on the subject he finally produced and developed the noble plan of uniting the nations of the world in a league for the amelioration of suffering on battlefields. Possessing the faculty of organization, he arranged for an international conference which was held at Geneva in 1863. The conference was a success and was followed by a convention in the same city in August of 1864. And at this convention at which representatives of sixteen separate governments were gathered the Red Cross Society was organized. In all fully forty governments have up to the present time signed the Red Cross agreement and numberless organizations have been formed to carry out the idea in all parts of the world. The Red Cross Society has worked incalculable good. The wounded and the dying have been soothed and cared for, and surgeons and nurses have been protected in their work of mercy.

All this has been the outcome of the work of Henri Dunant; the result of his labor is a world's league for the good of mankind

Nor did he stop with the organization of the Society. He continued to spend freely of his time and of his money for the good of the world. Then commercial disaster came suddenly upon him and what was left of his fortune was swept away; and, with a weight of debt hanging over him, he crept forgotten and neglected to a poorhouse in Switzerland

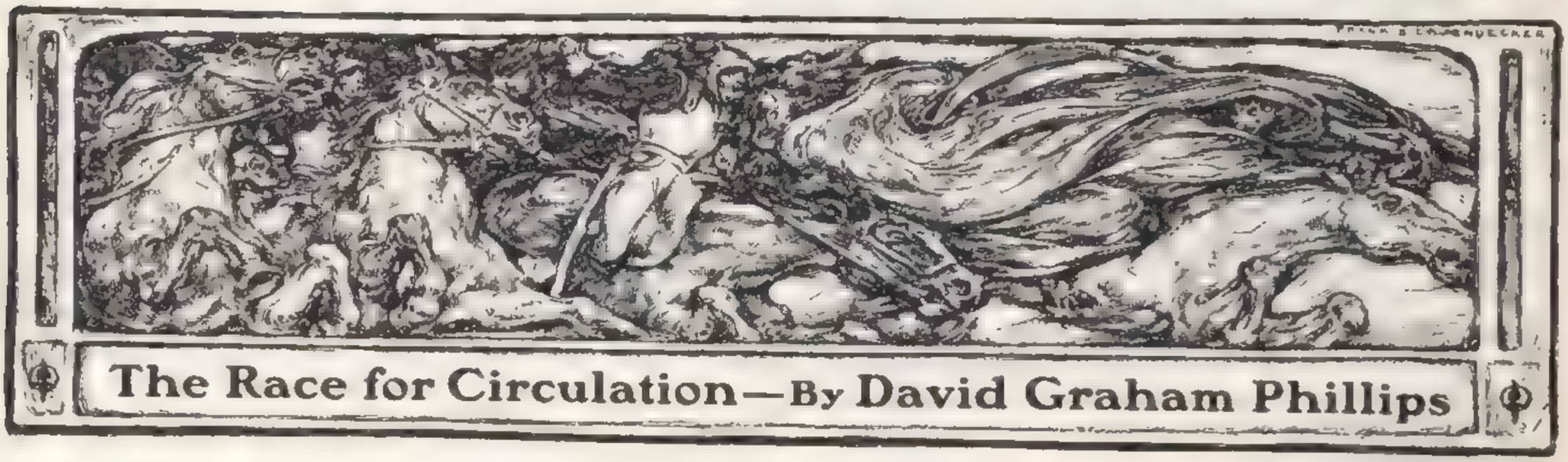
A few weeks ago a great prize went to him. We should say a great honor if a man who has done so nobly for the world can be more highly honored than by the Red Cross Society which is his monument.

The recent award of prizes made under the will of the late Alfred B. Nobel gave to Dunant a prize of some forty thousand dollars for beneficent works of peace. One pictures the sad-faced man brightening upon hearing the news; one pictures a new gleam of hope in his eyes; it was as the shadow of a great rock in a weary, weary land. He fully expected to step forth from the miserable almshouse a free and independent man, to pass in comfort and honor the few remaining years of his life. And then what a disappointment!

The case of Henri Dunant is curiously like that of Robert Morris, who, after lavishing his fortune and pledging his credit to save the United States was allowed to be miserably for years in a debtors' prison.

But none know so well as do those who benefit the world that reward should not be looked for "as a hireling looketh for the reward of his work." And meanwhile the Red Cross on a white ground is known and honored throughout the world

The Story of the City Daily



CIRCULATION—that is the watchword of the "new journalism."

To maintain one of these great establishments, to attract the advertisers, to win a great fortune, to attain social and political power—the key to all these doors is circulation. Not occasional circulation, but a steady, daily secure circulation. Not thousands or tens of thousands, but hundreds of thousands, with ambition ever fixed upon a million a day

From the unthinking viewpoint this craving for circulation is a wholly base passion—conscienceless, commercial Some editors speak of it with fine contempt; say that it means pandering to vulgarity and ignorance. But there is another view, and the practical fact is that circulation, as many an editor has learned to his cost, can be got only by courage and independence, both in publishing the news and in commenting on it, and by the ability to say what the people wish to hear in a way which the people understand without puzzling over it

But, putting aside the moral aspects of the "new journalism," what are the methods by which these enormous circulations are secured?

To see you have only to look at one of the popular one-cent newspapers—lots of pictures, lots of headlines, lots of the news that appeals to universal human instincts. It seems easy to produce these results as you look at the finished product; but the salaries of editors, given in the previous article, may have suggested that it is not easy to find the man who can do it. The casual eye notes seeming carelessness, an almost slap-dash way of doing things. There is nothing to suggest how many try and, through the lack of the popular instinct combined with judgment, fail hopelessly

What the Successful Editor Must Do

To begin with, writers and writing are in these big newspapers subordinated to editors and editing. It is not especially difficult to find a man who can write, well enough for newspaper purposes, the ordinary interview or descriptive article. But it is extremely difficult to find the editor who will have the sagacity to anticipate a popular desire to know what a certain man thinks about a certain matter or what he did in certain circumstances, and to tell some writer just where to go and just what to get, and just which of the many points and phases to develop and which to neglect

The great editor for the "new journalism" is the man who sees and seizes these opportunities. They are occurring not daily, not hourly, but every moment. And the "new journalist" is sleeplessly on the watch for them.

In the office of the big one-cent New York newspaper midnight finds the morning edition still an hour and a half from the presses, but the staff that makes the evening paper is beginning to arrive

The morning newspaper—except on Sundays—is given to its editorial page, devoted strictly to the news. The evening newspaper, after its first page, makes illustrated features its specialty, but they must, of course, be as nearly concerning the news as possible. The night staff of editors, artists and reporters for the evening paper first attack the galley-proofs of the news that is to appear in the morning paper. The object is to find articles that lend themselves to illustration, with a view to bringing out more fully the "human-interest" side. News of the more serious character that occupied considerable space in the morning paper will be "boiled down" News about the strange or sad or humorous doings of men and women will be exploited and, so far as possible, illustrated. The chief editorial writer will select topics from the news as he finds it in proof, trying to choose subjects that will not grow stale as the day wears on.

Toward three o'clock the other New York morning papers come in and are taken in hand, and the best that they have is readjusted to suit the evening audience. By half-past four the news of the happenings of a new day begins to arrive. By half-past six or seven enough fresh news has accumulated to make a good first page. At half-past seven in the morning the first edition of the evening paper is pouring from the presses. In the case of one newspaper, this first evening edition is 60,000—that is, it goes forth to address an audience of 300,000 at least

It does not sell, as a rule, in New York unless it contains first news of some startling event that had not transpired when the morning papers went to press for their last edition This daybreak evening paper goes to the remoter points of the evening field—to Buffalo, to Boston, to places far down in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware. The people who buy it like its features—its big pictures, its humor, its fiction stories, its fashions.

The Swift Succession of Editions

The evening editions, thus early begun, follow one another in rapid succession. A piece of news of any importance causes the making over of the first page, perhaps of all the news pages. And a few minutes after the news has reached the office the boys are shouting it through the streets and selling "extras" with headlines in huge type all the way across the front page. Sometimes the sales of these extras are small Again they will run up into the hundreds of thousands, swelling the circulation of the evening paper for the day to a million or beyond. For, if the news is a great murder or steamship disaster or battle, the whole machinery of the enormous plant will be turned to printing the "extras," and the elaborate system for distributing the paper not only to the city but throughout the East will be tested to the utmost by huge bundles of extra papers for broadcast circulation. If the news is telegraphic and interests chiefly the people of a certain locality, the bundles going there are "stuffed"—that is, swollen with extra copies in anticipation of an extraordinary demand. If it is city news, all the bundles for all the wagons are "stuffed" and the bundles for the wagons that go into the district whence the news comes are multiplied. And the wagons and automobiles bound for the railway stations and the local distribution points rush through the streets at a speed that outruns a fire engine or an ambulance answering a "hurry call."

The great point in the evening newspaper offices of these papers of huge circulation is to seize the opportunity instantly. There is no time for writing well—for literary form. The only object is to get the facts, or as many of them as possible, into type and then to get the "extra" on the wagons, the trains and the streets.

The reporters for these evening papers do not come to the office after they leave it with their first assignment. They collect facts, rush to the nearest telephone or telegraph instrument and speed the facts in. As soon as they have told all they know they hurry away for more. What they send is written by men in the office, sent to the composing-room line by line, headlined and set up, stereotyped and printed, all in an incredibly few minutes. When there is a great prize-fight or other event that can be arranged for in advance, a miniature newspaper office is set up in the press-room itself, and in that way perhaps five minutes are saved. Those five minutes may mean a "beat" on all rivals; they often have meant a swelling of the circulation by thirty or forty thousand.

The Wonderful Work of the Telephone

The telephone is an important factor in all newspaper offices. In the offices of these evening papers it is one of the mainstays. Interviews are telephoned in from distant points—Washington, Boston, Buffalo, Pittsburg, even Chicago. Men whose views the paper wishes to get are called up at their houses, at their offices, are often pursued by telephone to hotels or offices or residences hundreds of miles away, and what they have said is before the eyes of the public in less time than it takes the city editor of an old-fashioned paper to tell his reporter what is wanted. By telephone all the widely scattered ends of a story are gathered in swiftly. A millionaire's country house is burning down on Long Island. One telephone is connected with the point nearest the fire; another with the business office of the owner; a third with his town-house; a fourth with the insurance company, and so on

The drain upon the brains and nerves of the men is very great in all departments of the "new journalism." In the afternoon departments it is terrific. Many soon break under it. Others are able to train themselves to coolness and judgment in spite of the tremendous pace, the nervous strain of incessant watchfulness. These get a training in quick thinking and quick acting which means larger and larger salaries, or, if they go into other lines, easy and swift advancement

The opinion that these afternoon papers do not care for accuracy is not well founded. As the above facts may perhaps have suggested, accuracy and sound judgment are extremely difficult in the midst of such mad haste. But if an editor fails to develop them, he goes down. Brilliant features will not save a paper from the consequences of public distrust of its news-columns. Then there are the professional libel lawyers who employ clerks to read the newspapers line by line, and who hunt up people who are really or technically libeled and induce them to bring suit. These lawyers make the habitually inaccurate editor extremely unpopular with the business office

As a rule the big editions of these afternoon papers are issued at noon and at two o'clock. The smaller ones before and after those hours are small only by comparison. The least of them would make a considerable circulation for many a large afternoon paper. The managing editor of a one-cent afternoon paper reaches the office at nine o'clock in the morning. An hour later the day news staff of the morning edition is beginning to assemble and to arrange for the paper of the next morning. A few years ago the afternoon papers got so far ahead of the morning papers in the competition that the morning paper was little more than a better arranged reproduction of the evening. But latterly this has rapidly changed and the most of the work on a morning paper is done at night—after six o'clock. But even with that change the morning paper would be still harder pressed were it not that the haste of the evening paper forces it to be a bulletin of the news, supplemented by "feature" pages, rather than a presentation of the news itself

Midnight in a Newspaper Office

Until one has seen an evening newspaper office he can have little conception of what human beings can do continuously under pressure. Even the sight is not fully illuminating because the complete effects appear only in the published results. For all ordinary purposes of acquiring an idea of the speed and scope of the "new journalism" one of its morning newspaper offices at night between eleven o'clock and two is sufficient.

Then the largest part of the working staff is assembled and, in an atmosphere of pressure and excitement, is forcing the paper to take shape. In a dozen swiftly moving streams news is pouring in from every direction; and it must be read, estimated, edited, verified, headlined, put into type, all as quickly as men can be compelled to move. Next to the newsroom will be the telegraph-room, with a score or more of instruments connecting the office with its bureaus and correspondents in other cities. In another direction are the telephone booths, with all the instruments in use for the receiving of news from near-by reporters and correspondents. In through the doors and windows of partitions are flying telegraph and cable matter, "special," "Associated Press," and from other general and local news agencies.

The "Associated Press" report of the news by telegraph from all parts of the world will be at least 50,000 words long. "Specials" by telegraph and telephone from the newspaper's own correspondents out of town (and that includes China and South America as well as Jersey and Long Island suburbs) will contain from 25,000 to 40,000 words more. Then there is the product of the city staff—which usually fills the largest part of the news space of the paper. It will be from 40,000 to 50,000 words. Here is a total of 115,000 words at the very least—and the paper has room, even if it is of 16 pages, for not more than 40,000 or 50,000 words of news—for there must be headlines and illustrations which rapidly consume the space not taken by editorial matter and advertisements.

It is no easy problem that the managing editor is called on to solve every midnight. And upon his ability to solve that problem depends the success of the paper. The news that pleases the largest number of readers must be put in the best

Editor's Note—This is the second of three papers by Mr. Phillips. The third will appear in a fortnight.

DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY AT

Factory Prices

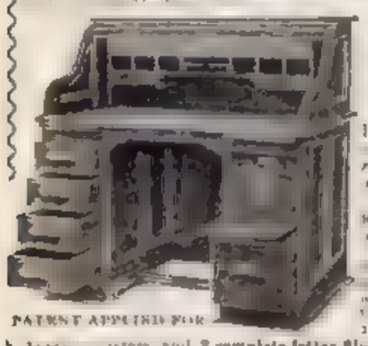
ON APPROVAL *We ship every article "On Approval," subject to return AT OUR EXPENSE if not found 20 per cent. to 100 per cent. greater value than is obtainable anywhere at retail.*

GOLD MEDAL [illegible] rebuilds received gold or silver medals for [illegible] at the "Macey" exhibit was one of the [illegible] furniture manufacturers so honored

Home Desk

A Choice Gift for a Young Man

$22.50 Buys this beautiful home desk, *direct from the factory* THE DESIGN of this desk is a most perfect [illegible] from $35 to $45. *Ask*



For the Office Man

$19.80 [illegible] Desk, [illegible] factory

PATENT APPLIED FOR [illegible] drawers, and 3 complete letter files [illegible] oak polish finish. From a design [illegible] $35. *Ask for Catalogue No. "K-3*

Turkish Rocker

A Splendid Gift for a Gentleman

$29.50

Buys this luxurious Turkish rocker, *direct from the factory* COVERED [illegible] Has genuine hair cushions tufted back, spring [illegible] castors. Choice of [illegible] leather. At retail a similar chair costs $45 to $60. *Ask for Catalogue No. "R-3."*

Colonial Mahogany Rocker

A Perfect Gift

$27.00 Buys this beautiful leather rocker of pure Colonial pattern, *direct from the factory* UPHOLSTERED [illegible] of genuine cutlet horsehide [illegible] best springs of [illegible] $30 [illegible]

We Prepay Freight [illegible] shipped east and south of Texas and Kansas. (Points beyond on an equal basis.)

The Fred Macey Co., Ltd., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Branches: New York, 393-395 Broadway; Boston, 17 Federal [illegible]

Makers of High Grade Office and Library Furniture

Charleston Exposition, Exhibit in Palace of Commerce

A SELF EDUCATOR

Is it not more satisfactory to acquire knowledge through your own efforts than [illegible] aid of a teacher? Yes. Then you will find the

Columbia Zither *"The Easy to Play"* Others $8.00 to $7.00 **$5.00**

not only a fine instrument, but a most interesting one. Teacher unnecessary. Almost any one with an ear for music [illegible] If the free chart you play the sweetest of music [illegible] equals in tone effect the fine German zithers, but more simply arranged and costs much less.

Your music dealer should have the Columbia If not, send price to us and we will ship, express prepaid. Send for FREE catalogue.

The Phonoharp Co., Dept. F, 182 Liverpool St., E. Boston, Mass.

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C. S. DAVISSON & CO.
391 Broadway, New York Dept. 10

places and must be given in the largest quantities. At the same time there must be news for everybody, news that will appeal to every large class.

Nowadays in these offices they will not print a line in the obscurest news corner unless they think it appeals to at least 5000 of their readers

What not to print, what to print, how much of it to use, where to put it, what kind of headlines to place over it, and what pictures to use and what to "kill"—these are a few questions which the managing editor must answer, and answer quickly and correctly, under peril of losing his official head. The materials for the right kind of a paper must be selected from a mountainous superabundance that is never less than enough to fill four or five papers and is often enough to fill ten or a dozen. When the paper has gone to press, desks, waste-paper baskets, the floor are piled high with matter that has been thrown away; and often up in the composing-room galley on galley of set-up matter that had to be killed at the last moment lie upon the stones

And, as in the evening paper, so in the morning, the editors who win must have, in addition to the news-sense, a sense of the public taste in headlines and type and pictures, sound judgment, great caution, a profound respect for accuracy. Again and again every night the temptation to score by stretching the news a little or by suppressing one feature of it, or by inserting into it something that is "probably true" or "practically true," comes to the news-editor in the most insidious forms. If he yields he is in the end lost. He becomes a "faker" and sets his staff a demoralizing example. On the other hand, if he is timid, faint hearted, doubtful where there should be no doubt, he is also lost

And more managing editors fail through failing to act, through failing to seize the opportunity, than fail through yielding to the temptation to "fake." In newspaper offices, as elsewhere, timidity is more common than audacity. And there, as elsewhere, disaster usually follows from the efforts of a timid man to nerve himself to what he fancies is courage

The End of the Nightly Delirium

The nightly delirium of the "new journalism" culminates as the last forms are locked in the composing-room and the matrices are whirled away to the stereotyping-rooms. There is a relaxation of effort in the news and composing rooms and a sudden bursting of volcanic activity in the stereotyping and press rooms which have been quiet up to this time. Then with a roar the battery of presses begins to hurl out the papers—thousands on thousands, tons on tons

Up comes a boy with the first score that fall from the press, and the editors begin the "post-mortem." Every mistake, invisible a few minutes before to dozens of eyes searching for it, now stands out like a palm tree in a desert. Every editor can see at a glance what he ought to have done and where he did only to blunder; and the managing editor, with nerves relaxed and head throbbing, feels that the paper before him is another lost opportunity. A few minutes later, to add to the cheerfulness, in come the other morning papers. This one has a "beat" that looks ominously big. That one is more cleverly arranged typographically. A third has scored simply by seeing a point of unusual interest in a story which all the papers had, and pushing it to the fore vigorously. And in the gray of the dawn the editors scatter to supper or to bed, few of them feeling that they have done anything "to make the circulation go up."

It is an unnatural life, this of the tumultuous, eager, insistent, incessant "new journalism"—that is, it seems unnatural to the average early-to-bed and early-to-rise citizen. But it has an enormous fascination for those who live it. It makes other lines of endeavor, however arduous and exacting, seem slow and humdrum. The newspaper office, where the eyes and ears are filled with the very latest happenings in all parts of the world, gives an elsewhere unattainable sense of being in the midst of affairs, in touch with the world's life. It is a pace that kills for those who direct; but they feel that, if they are dying more quickly, they are compensated by living more swiftly, living every second of every moment of their conscious hours

Steam Carriages

For Business or Pleasure

Simplicity, Economy, Reliability characterize the Stearns' Carriages—the product of highly skilled designers and workmen. Built more substantially than the lighter types and without the ponderous appearance of the road machines of the day.

Model B. Double [illegible]

Model B has a seating capacity of four persons, seating them back to back. It may be used equally well for two persons by turning down the back of the seat and folding up the foot board, thus giving it the appearance of a Runabout

9 Models. Illustrated Catalog on Application.

STEARNS STEAM CARRIAGE COMPANY
Syracuse, N. Y.

Smoke the

healthful

Siphon Pipe

Sold by Mail, $1.00 (delivered)

No saliva can reach the tobacco—siphon prevents it. Bowl always dry. None of the refreshing aroma of the tobacco is lost. No "cold pipe" taste or taste.

No heartburn or tobacco heart ever [illegible] its use.

Blowing through the siphon clears the reservoir [illegible]

It makes [illegible], because it affords a clear, cool wholesome smoke. A [illegible] cools, and "money back if not satisfactory" [illegible]

Made of French Briar, with aluminum siphon and American amber, horn or rubber stem. A handsome pipe in every way.

$1.00 by mail. Money cheerfully returned if dissatisfied

If in doubt write for booklet

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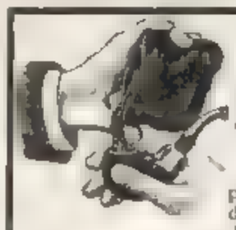
Room 556 P, 11 Broadway, New York



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IS THE UNIVERSAL SAVER.

It is a time saver, a labor saver, a trouble saver, an expense saver, and a business builder.

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"Save 20 per cent. of a book-keeper's time"

Steel clips in leather tabs. Instantly applied or moved to meet changing conditions. A tag for each account. 400 kinds kept in stock, including Cities, Numbers, Accounts, Alphabets, Months, States, Days, and Tags to WRITE on.

Tag to Write on—¾ inch

Made also in 1, 1½ and 2 in. sizes

1,000 used by Chicago & N.-W. R. R. Co., Chicago
6,000 used by American Cotton Co., New York.
14,000 used by Simmons Hardware Co., St. Louis.

Catalog and Price List FREE. Sample Tag 5 cents.

Dept. F, CHAS. C. SMITH, Mfr., Exeter, Nebr.
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A $20.00 series of Whist Lessons by mail, free, with each set of Paine's Whist Trays bought from your dealer. Write us for particulars. Our booklet, "Simple Whist," teaches principles of the game in an evening. Mailed for 2-cent stamp.

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We Carpet Your Floor for $3.00

[illegible]

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$3.00 Coaster Brake

Fits any hub. Screws up in place of the [illegible] Any one can apply it. For free booklet and [illegible] CANFIELD BRAKE CO., Corning, N. Y.

BURNS AIR NOT MONEY

One "BEST" Light

Gives more Light than

Six Electric Lights, or Ten Kerosene Lamps or One Hundred Candles

Burns 90 per cent. Air 10 per cent. Gas

A beautiful pure white, steady, safe light. No WICK! No GREASE! No SMOKE! No ODOR! Hang or Set it anywhere. Over 100 Styles

Agents Wanted

THE BEST LIGHT COMPANY
5-25 E. Fifth St., Canton, Ohio

"NEW" PUNCHING BAG

Price $6.95

Noiseless. Weighs 7½ lbs. Can be put on window, door frame or wall, in space 6 x 8 inches. All dealers, or

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GILBERT'S HEEL CUSHIONS

If you [illegible] that [illegible]

[illegible] Heel [illegible] Make [illegible] Heels Strong [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Knox's Gelatine

is

The Best Gelatine

Please let me prove this to you.

I will Mail Free

my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People" if you will send me the name of your grocer. If you can't [illegible] send 2 cent stamp. For 6 stamps [illegible] and full pint sample. For 15c [illegible] for dessert package (two for 25c). Pink color for fancy desserts in every large package. A large package of Knox's Gelatine will make two quarts—a half gallon—of jelly

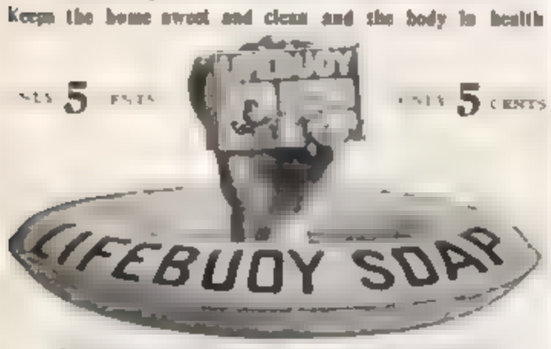
CHAS. B. KNOX

53 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

LIFEBUOY SOAP

Sanitary Cleanser—Disinfectant

Keeps the home sweet and clean and the body in health



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Best beans only are used.
Extra care exercised in blending.
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Use of most improved machinery.
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Cost no more than others

If not handled by your grocer, send his name and address [illegible] Free Sample and Booklet.

HUYLER'S, 863 Broadway, N. Y.

NOT an ordinary suspender

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

has a principle of [illegible] Refuse imitations. If not a "President" on the buckles it's genuine. Trimmings can not rust. *New metal now ready for men of heavy work*, also small size for boys 50c, everywhere, or by mail postpaid

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Photographers Amateur and Professional, are [illegible] one 4½ x 6½ photographs taken at McKinley's Funeral, Canton, O., with great success. [illegible] offered at $3.00. Cancelled as Historical souvenirs. WEST SIDE STUDIO, Akron, O.

Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

Cultivating the Blueberry

Efforts are being made by the Department of Agriculture to improve the blueberry, which, having been regarded hitherto as merely a wild fruit, is now to be brought under cultivation. Selected plants from the "blueberry barrens" have been transferred to the gardens of the experiment station at Orono, Maine, and exceptional berries have been gathered for the purpose of sowing the seeds from them, the seedlings produced being eventually transferred from nursery rows to the field

Excellent as is the wild blueberry, there is no question but that it can be much improved by culture. Occasional bushes have borne fruits half an inch in diameter, and a single plant has been known to yield twelve quarts in a season. It is the belief of those best informed on the subject that the blueberry can be made to furnish a profitable crop over vast areas of otherwise worthless land in this country, incidentally giving employment to thousands of persons during the canning season

In the southeastern part of Maine is a great tract of 150,000 acres, known as the "blueberry barrens," which is burned over at frequent intervals to get rid of the scrub and to facilitate the harvesting of blueberries. The land is leased for half a cent a quart, paid to the owner, for all blueberries picked, and part of the crop is shipped fresh to Portland and Boston. Most of the berries, however, go to the canneries, one of which has a daily capacity of six hundred bushels and an average annual output of 8300 cases of two dozen cans each. The yearly product of this one cannery is not far from $15,000 worth of blueberries

Before the days of canning the barrens were considered common property, and people came fifty or even a hundred miles for a week's outing, to gather blueberries for their own use and for sale to merchants of neighboring cities and villages. Now, however, the collecting of the crop is done mainly by companies which employ large numbers of pickers, and about $30,000 is paid to these pickers each year. During the picking season from one thousand to two thousand women and children are thus engaged

From the figures here given it will be seen that the wild blueberry is a much more valuable fruit than is popularly supposed, representing as it does an industry of no small importance. The total canned product of the blueberry barrens in 1899 was about 50,000 cases, worth $2.20 a case; so that the value of the output for this section alone was more than $100,000

Northern Michigan produces great quantities of blueberries, and immense tracts in other parts of the country are well adapted for the production of the fruit. There are several recognized varieties, the "high bush" blueberry being distinguished not only by the size and quality of its fruit but also by the beauty of its flowers.

Wax for Phonographs

In the manufacture of phonograph record cylinders there are consumed immense quantities of a peculiar substance called "Ceará wax," which is produced in the form of a fine powder on the leaves of a species of palm, plentiful along certain rivers in the State of Ceará, Brazil. The wax is also employed to give lustre to russet boots and to harness, as well as for a polish for hardwood floors. From each tree about six young leaves are gathered with pruning-shears fixed upon a long pole, and this is repeated twice during the season, from September to March

Generally, it takes from 2000 to 5000 leaves to produce enough powder to make thirty pounds of wax. When gathered the leaves are dried in the sun, after which the whitish dust which covers them is brushed off with switches in a tightly closed room. The dust, being swept up, is boiled for a few minutes, when the wax, gathering at the top, is skimmed off and strained

When dry the substance is a hard, light yellow wax. The leaves from which it has been obtained are used in the manufacture of hats, matting and brooms, and a valuable fibre is also obtained from them. The seed of the tree resembles a small cocoanut, and affords good food for pigs, and after being ground it serves as an adulterant of roasted coffee

Good Advice

A writer in the Chautauquan Magazine on Flannels, Blankets and Laces [illegible] on [illegible] wringing for woollens and [illegible] rubbing for laces. Every intelligent woman has a method of her own but all agree on those two points—hard points using ordinary bar soap—harder still with penny-a-cheap Washing powder

Have used Pearline a number of years, and like it very much for all kinds of [illegible] They are soft and nice after washing. Mrs. Rev. S. T.

Can never [illegible] without Pearline. Use it with the most delicate fabrics and with coarse things, and find it satisfactory in all things. Mrs. Rev. G. L.

Pearline—Safest and Easiest for Coarsest and Finest Fabrics

Worthless Substitutes

John Wanamaker

Only 68 Sets Left

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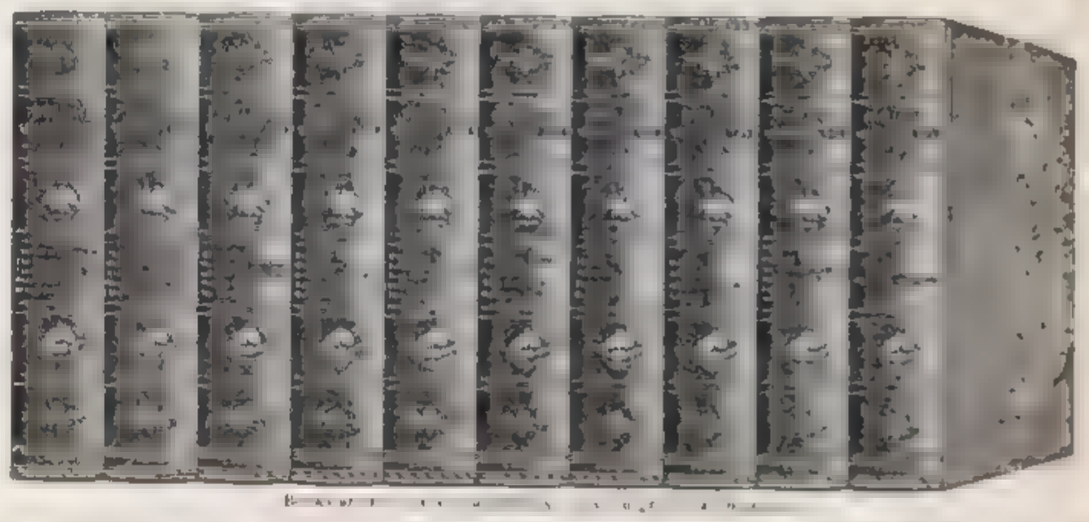

THERE are but 68 sets left [illegible] of our special [illegible] of the famous Stratford Shakespeare. When these are gone we shall have no more except at [illegible] price. Send us the coupon below, without delay, and we will reserve one of the sets for you (provided, of course, they are not all [illegible] for) [illegible] your application reaches us, until you have looked over the specimen pages and decided whether or not you wish to join the club and secure it at half the usual price and at moderate monthly payments.

Best of all Shakespeares

Ten full octavo volumes, magnificently bound in green half [illegible] with morocco corners, burnished gold tops and gold-veined marble paper sides, [illegible] backs, raised bands, ornamented in gold, and deckle edge paper [illegible] Profusely illustrated, 186 full-page etchings, photogravures and [illegible] Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Opie, West, Maclise, Herkomer, Northcote, Ramberg, Stothard, Corbould, Perugini, Fisher, Princep, Topham, Dicksee, Alma Tadema, Fildes, Morris, Long, Leighton, Poynter, Calderon, Seymour Yeames, Schmalz, Bayard, Grutzer, Gilbert, Maclise and Sir J. Noel Paton. Includes all the poems and plays, Dyce's notes, Dyce's Life of Shakespeare, and a five-hundred-page Glossary. Printed in Scotland at the Aberdeen University Press. Regular price $60, our price only $31—$1 down, $2 a month for 15 months; one payment off for cash within 30 days.

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LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

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Boys' Clothing

is recognized by every one who has given it a trial.

Our New Spring and Summer

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Ready about March 10th,

describing over 2000 articles —over 1000 of which are illustrated—for the complete

Outfitting

of Boys, Girls and Infants, sent for 4 cents postage.

WE HAVE NO BRANCH STORES—NO AGENTS
Our goods sold only at this one store

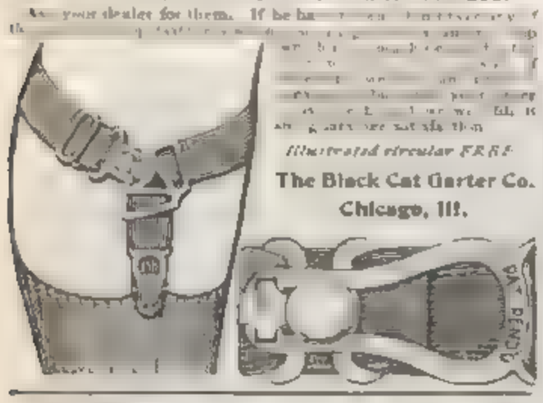
Address Dept. 13
60-62 West 23d St., N. Y.

The Black Cat
Expanding Loop Garter

has the only valuable improvement ever made in a garter loop. It appears to men because the expanding loop is a flexible metal clasp that adjusts itself to every thickness of stocking and holds it firmly

But Never Cuts or Tears the Finest Hose

[illegible] strain it gives a little. The best silk webbing [illegible] Black, White, Cardinal, Gold, Pink or Blue 25c. [illegible] your dealer for them. If he has [illegible]



Illustrated circular FREE

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Chicago, Ill.

Pears'

Economical soap is one that a touch of cleanses.

Get Pears' for economy and cleanliness.

Sold all over the world.

THE HANDIEST THING YOU EVER OWNED

Sample by mail 25 cents. Silver or stamps.
ECONOMY ERASER CO., Drawer 574, Jackson, Mich.

"Mizpah" Valve Nipples
WILL NOT COLLAPSE

And therefore prevent much colic. The valve prevents a vacuum being formed to collapse them. The rim holds prevent collapsing when the child bites them. The rim is such that they cannot be [illegible]

Sample Free by mail.

Walter F. Ware 512 Arch Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Men & Women of the Hour

Aguinaldo's One Wish

When Aguinaldo became a prisoner of the American Army and was carried to headquarters he was treated with great consideration and kindly attention. The officers saw to his wants, and though a prisoner he lived with a certain comfort and station.

One day, soon after the prisoner's arrival at Manila, General MacArthur decided to go and see Aguinaldo, and find if he was being rightly treated. At the close of the visit the General asked Aguinaldo if there was anything he would like to have, whether papers, magazines, clothes, cigars or other articles. But the prisoner shook his head. He said that there was nothing at all that he wanted.

Just as the General was about to close the door Aguinaldo's face suddenly brightened, and the look in his eyes showed that he was trying to remember some name.

"What is it?" said General MacArthur.

"There is just one thing in the world I want," said Aguinaldo, "if you can only get it for me. I have had it but once in my life and that was at Hongkong. They said it was an American thing, and that all Americans had it. It is—ice cream!" he said with great enthusiasm.

How Alger Spoiled a Sensation

CONGRESSMAN EDGAR WEEKS, representing the Seventh District of Michigan, was discussing recently in Washington the attitude of his State toward General Russell A. Alger, former Secretary of War.

"I have just returned from Michigan," said Congressman Weeks, "where I learned with much gratification that General Alger, having submitted to a surgical operation, was apparently on the road to recovery. And my feeling is shared by all the people in our State.

"The citizens of Michigan take pride in the fact," continued Mr. Weeks, "that General Alger has always been a man not without honor in his own country. Where he is known best he is thought the most of, and when he was under the fire of his enemies Michigan never swerved a particle in her loyalty to him.

"Every one who has had the pleasure of knowing the General intimately knows that his relations toward the Administration from which he retired were of the most cordial character, notwithstanding the statements in many newspapers.

"I recall an incident that singularly illustrates his habit of mind. Shortly after his retirement from the Cabinet the veterans of the Army of the Cumberland tendered him a great banquet at Detroit. Many of the speeches that evening were directed against the political and factional forces that had conspired, it was thought, to force him from the Cabinet, and in the zeal of personal loyalty to General Alger the Administration came in for a share of the censure which the occasion inspired.

"At the conclusion of these philippics General Alger was called upon to speak. Every one present believed that the former Secretary of War was about to say something that would electrify the country with its sensational character, for feeling ran high.

When General Alger rose he was greeted with repeated cheers, which finally subsided into an expectant and auspicious hush.

"'Comrades of the Army of the Cumberland,' said he, calmly surveying his old associates; 'on this occasion and in response to all the gracious things you have been pleased to say of me, I know of no more fitting comment than to propose three cheers for our friend, our brother, and our comrade, Major McKinley, beloved President of the United States.'

The effect of these words," added Congressman Weeks, "was magical. In an instant every sentiment of bitterness was banished. Those seven hundred and more veterans rose as one man, and not three but a dozen salvos of cheers echoed and reechoed through that great hall.

"Hundreds of veterans made no effort to restrain their tears, and not a man present on

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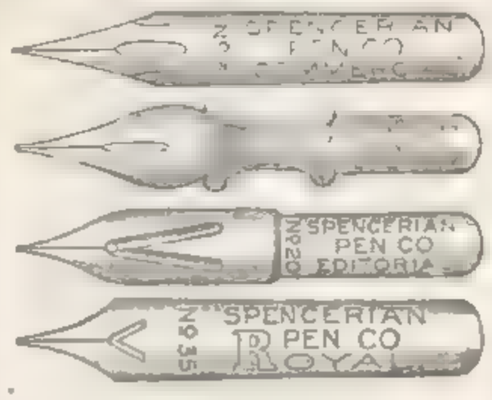

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that occasion, and witnessing General Alger's unmistakable depth of sincerity as he proposed those cheers, could entertain any notion that he was forced from McKinley's Cabinet."

A Man of Many Butlers

Hon. Wm. C. Whitney
PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

HON. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, ex-Secretary of the Navy, millionaire and social leader in New York's most exclusive set, is, among other things, probably the greatest housekeeper in America. He has numerous establishments: one in New York, one in Aiken, South Carolina, one out on Long Island, and several at other places. The New York house, located at the corner of Sixty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, is said to be the finest in America in its interior fittings and furnishings. The reception hall, which one enters from Sixty-seventh Street, is said to be the most beautiful piece of domestic architecture in the country. It is finished entirely in white marble, against which the superb rugs and hangings and the massive antique furniture show to perfection. The marble stairway that leads to the upper floors out of this hall is in itself worth taking a long trip to see. His country houses are not on quite so magnificent a scale, but nevertheless they are in every sense representative of one who has culture, wealth and refinement.

Mr. Whitney, who is a widower, has a butler in each house, who has general supervision of the servants, but every bill and every item of expense passes through the "home office," so to speak—that is, through the hands of the private secretary, who has his headquarters in the Fifth Avenue house. It is understood that, through this system, Mr. Whitney gets better service and has better-managed establishments than any one else in his circle. And this perfection, though it perhaps costs Mr. Whitney a little more in direct payments, in the end is a matter of economy. This is because Mr. Whitney has brought to bear, in his domestic arrangements, the same power and system of organization that made him famous when he was at the head of the Navy Department, and which won for him, in the business world, his great fortune. He is by nature an organizer and brings this talent to bear everywhere. When he sets up a new establishment he divides it into departments; the kitchen is in the charge of a chef, the house in charge of a butler, the stable in charge of a head groom, and so on. To each of these men he says:

"Now, I am going to pay you better wages than you ever received before. In return, I ask that you do not accept any commissions on the purchases that you make. I want you to get the best of everything and to pay fair prices. The bills will be paid by me personally, and, whenever I draw a check, I want to feel that in the amount there is not included a commission to the man whom I employ and who ordered the goods."

At first the directions came as a shock to the persons who received them, for the "commission" has for years been an institution in the domestic establishments of many wealthy people. The head groom, or the butler, will go to the tradesmen with whom he deals and make an arrangement for a commission in consideration of the trade he brings. It has sometimes happened that, despite Mr. Whitney's warning, his people have done this. They are soon found out, however, and then are discharged without argument or hesitation.

Another rule that Mr. Whitney lays down is that all supplies shall be bought, as far as possible, from local tradesmen, even though they cost more. This makes him immensely popular, as may well be expected, in the villages and towns near which his country places are located. Some time ago a new butler was employed at one of his country houses. Toward the middle of the season one of the local tradesmen met Mr. Whitney at the railroad station.

"What have we done to lose your trade?" he asked. "Your folks used to be our best customers; now we can't sell them anything."

"That's news to me; I will find out."

The butler was summoned and it appeared that, notwithstanding positive instructions, he had been buying in New York City instead of at the village establishment. He was given notice on the spot. He prayed and protested, and promised never to offend again, but his employer was inexorable and a new butler was installed.

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Ye Fayre Mayde and Ye Brave Knyghte

By W. D. Nesbit

Ye Fayre Mayde in ye Palace satte,
And wept full dolefullie;
With reddened Nose and streaminge Eye,
A sorrie syghte to see.
Ye Brave Knyghte rode adowne ye Pyke,
Ryghte proude in costlie geare,
But stopt full suddenlie whenas
Her weepings smote hys Eare.

"Gadzookes!" he called. "What meane these weepes?
Why soche a mournefullie phiz?
Now, marry! I shall rescue thee,
For rescueinge's my biz!
But fyrste, Fayre Mayde, telle me ye woe
That bids me crofs ye Moate,
And then I'll make thee joye once more,
Else I'm a Billie Goate!"

Ye Fayre Mayde wepte; ye Fayre Mayde cryed:
"Alas, and 'lackadaye!
My Papa is ye cruelle manne
Who makes me weepe this waye!"
"Odsbloode!" ye Brave Knyghte spake hym theanne,
"Your Papa shalle be tochte
That meanne there be who have ye myghte
To showe hym what is what!"

He reyned hys prauncinge Charger theanne,
And settc hys lance at reste.
Ye Fayre Mayde loude diddc wayle agayne:
"My hearte is sore oppreised.
I have but teanne silke dancing Gounes
To go uponne my backe;
But fortie Paris bonnettes, and
One costlie Sealeskinne sacque.

"Fyve golfinge suits, eyghte walking Gounes,
Wyth fryllc and furbelowe"—
Ye Brave Knyghte's steede wolde fayne advance;
Ye Brave Knyghte shoutedde "Whoa!"—
"Twelve trunkes beryde are filled wyth geare."
Ye Fayre Mayde didde deplore,
"But Papa—cruelle Papa—sayes
He will notte buy me more.

"But nowe, syace that you bravelie saye
You'll rescue me, Brave Knyghte,
I'll drye my Teares, well knowinge you
Will see I'm togged out ryghte.
I onlie wast——"

But suddeanc soundes
Upon her Eare didde stryke—
They were ye Hoofebeates of ye Horse.
Ye Knyghte fled downe ye Pyke.

YE LESSON

Oh, Maydeanes fayre, ye Leison is:
Telle notte ye foolishe meanne
Aboute ye Dresses till you're wedde—
They may notte flee you theanne.

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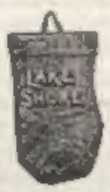

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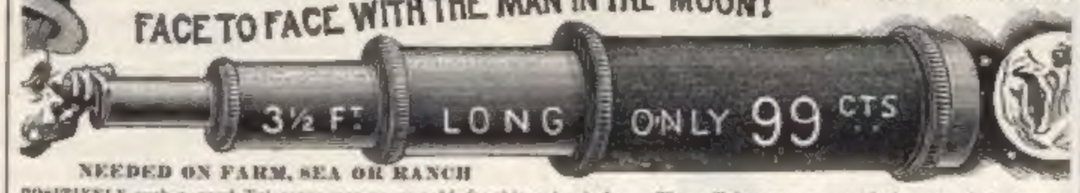

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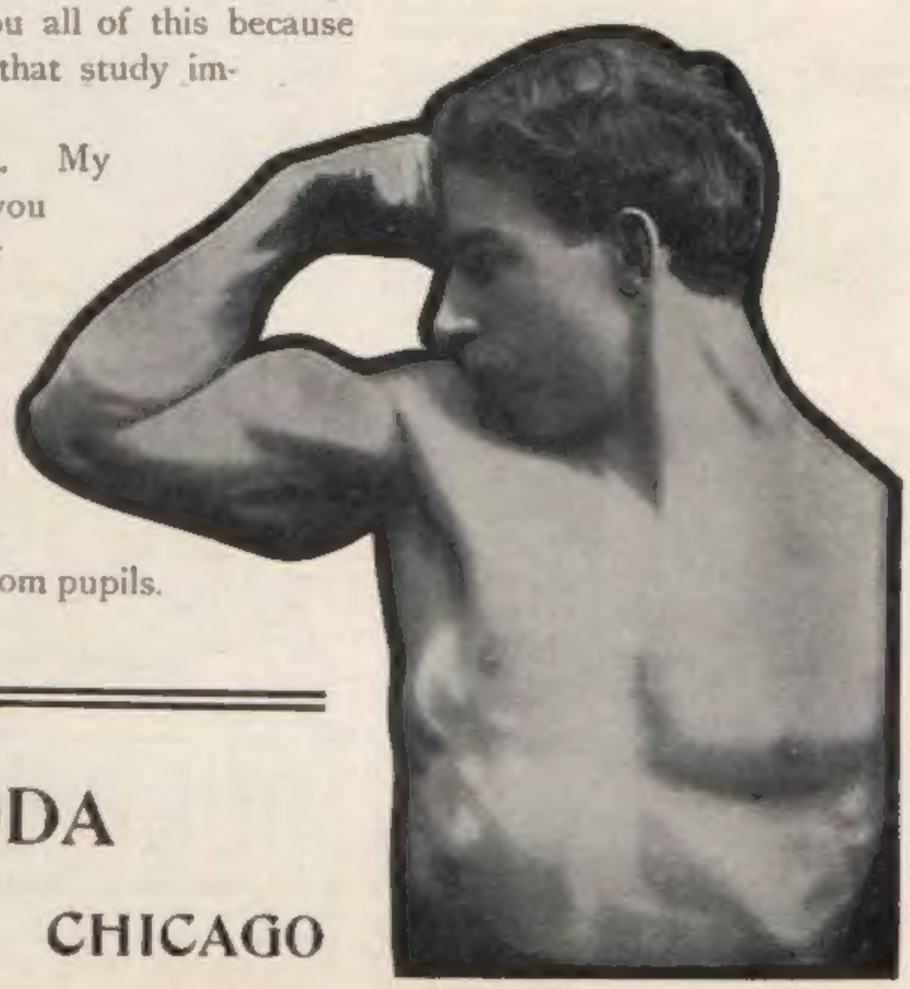
I have no book, no chart, no apparatus whatever. My system is for each individual; my instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil. It is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart. I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, together with testimonial letters from pupils.



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